

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXX.—No. 758.

SATURDAY, JULY 15th, 1911.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6d.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



SPEAIGHT,

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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### THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND HORSE-BREEDING.

THE scheme for the improvement of horse-breeding which was sketched at the meeting on July 6th by Mr. Anstruther on behalf of the Board of Agriculture shows that their plans have been well thought out. Moreover, the rules laid down are thoroughly practical and have, indeed, been reached after consultation with those who understand the breeds affected and are personally acquainted with the districts to which the grants are allocated. There are certain rules laid down for the future as to the travelling of King's Premium horses and a necessary schedule of the diseases which disqualify horses from taking premiums. Nor is there any more useful provision than the instruction to the veterinary surgeons employed to report not only upon the soundness of the stallions, but also upon their suitability for the purpose for which they are required. Hitherto, most schemes for horse-breeding have been good as far as they went, but they omitted the important matter of providing for a good class of mares. The system of the purchase of suitable mares and their allocation to trustworthy persons has proved to be both successful and popular. No small part of the dissatisfaction with schemes for breeding is to be attributed to the fact that insufficient provision has been made for the supply of sound, fresh and not too aged brood mares. Breeders of hunters and of polo-ponies have found in practice that they obtained the best type of animal in their respective breeds by selecting mares which have to their credit performances in the hunting-field or on the polo-ground. The success of those studs which have followed these lines of breeding in producing not only animals of the right type, make and shape, but also able to take their place in the hunting-field or at polo, has pointed out to us the road to the

true improvement of our national breeds of horses. The day of the useful horse has gone by. There is a market and work only for the best. And, as it happens, it is horses bred to the standard of the hunting-field and of the polo-ground which the Agricultural Department desire most to encourage by the scheme we are considering, for these are the horses of value for Army purposes.

As we look closely at the scheme, we see that the object is not so much to increase the number of horses bred as to improve their quality and to give assistance to the breeders. Nor has the pony been neglected. For various reasons it is not possible to give King's Premiums to pony stallions in the districts where our native ponies are bred. But the system of premiums which has been extensively used in the New Forest and elsewhere has been taken up by the Board of Agriculture, and private efforts already made are being strengthened and increased by Government assistance. The key to the position in ponies, as well as in horses, is in the purchase and selection of suitable brood mares, and here again useful assistance, based on the recommendations of those who know the districts, has been given to local effort. One of the reforms which has been constantly urged by all who have studied the question of horse-breeding is the registration of all stallions, and it is most satisfactory to know that the Board have received the heartiest co-operation and assistance in this from the breed societies and the organisers of the principal agricultural shows throughout the country. Three hundred and five stallions, of which one hundred and two are thoroughbred, have been registered. It is hoped to make this scheme universal, and that the certificate of registration issued by the Board will be accepted at all shows during the season. It is not often that we are able to regard with such satisfaction the expenditure of public money; but every sixpence of the fund granted by the Board of Agriculture will be laid out to the best advantage so as to bring about the most satisfactory results. Some credit must be given to the breed societies, which have always gone on the principle of assisting and directing the efforts of local shows, for it is on these practical lines, already worked and tested by these societies, who are dependent for their existence on the approval of practical men in the agricultural districts, that the Board have based their scheme. It is impossible not to reflect that, so far, at all events, as light horses are concerned, the success of the scheme rests upon the continued popularity of hunting and polo. These sports provide at once the test of the excellence of the horse and the best market for breeders. It is impossible to breed horses successfully unless we have some definite work to put them to, and the excellence of all our riding horses depends on the high standard of the requirements of the fox-hunter and the polo-player. We can see then how these sports and games are more than ever of national importance and deserve the favour and encouragement of all those who realise the need for a sufficient horse supply for the nation.

It may be said that if we improve the quality of the output of our light horses, a great many of them will go into foreign countries, and that foreign armies and foreign sportsmen will obtain the chief benefit of our expenditure and our efforts. But, as a matter of fact, the foreign buyer is our best ally in all horse-breeding schemes. His presence and competition encourage breeders more than any Government subsidy can do, by strengthening the market and sustaining the level of prices. And, again, from another point of view, the presence of the foreign buyer, either official or private, is the highest testimony to the fact that we are successful in producing the best animals of the types these purchasers seek for. It will also be said that all these efforts to improve our light horses may indeed have the effect of raising the quality of the horses bred, and will certainly result in an increase of prices; but that is inevitable, and is an advantage, because, in the long run, a good market not only encourages existing breeders of skill and experience, but also acts as an inducement to others to take up a pursuit which is always attractive to Englishmen of all classes. We feel, then, that the efforts of the Agricultural Department in the cause of horse-breeding are worthy of our best support and encouragement.

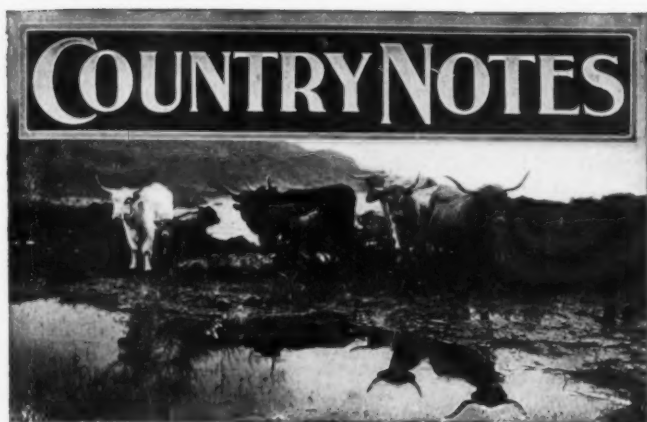
### Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. The Duchess of Buccleuch is the daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

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THE welcome accorded to the King and Queen on their landing in Ireland last Saturday was expressed with the freedom and impulsiveness that is characteristic of a people who are unsurpassed for their hospitality and warmth of heart. And the unfeigned loyalty that has been exhibited is the more gratifying when the state of Dublin municipal politics is remembered. The Irish have not been slow to appreciate the compliment implied in an early visit to their country in the Sovereign's progress through his kingdom. The Royal Party were greeted with splendid enthusiasm everywhere, and this was especially noticeable when they drove through some of the meaner streets. The King and Queen were received as friends by the people, and often there was almost a tumult of welcome round the Royal Carriage. The King chose the right word when he described his welcome as affectionate.

There could certainly be no better way of commemorating the late King Edward up and down the country than by acquiring places of historic interest or natural beauty and handing them over to the National Trust. When earlier in the year that admirable society made its effort, happily a successful one, to acquire Grange Fell and the Borrowdale Birches in the Lake District, a considerable contribution was made in memory of the late King, and a part of the Fell is to be named "The King's How." The Trust now controls thirty-five properties, and among them a recent and important acquisition is the eighty acres of Marley Common and Kingsley Marsh. When it is noted that the Trust's total receipts last year were less than seventeen hundred pounds, it is clear that the management of its affairs is as ably conducted as its aims are praiseworthy. The council hopes soon to secure to the nation the Old Priests' House at Muchelney and the Chantry Chapel at Buckingham. A few thousands, even hundreds, devoted to objects such as these could not be better spent, for they would associate King Edward's name with places and things of a beauty which can never go out of fashion. Lord Farrer pointed out at the meeting of the Trust last week that some seventeen hundred acres of Leith Hill, Dorking, could be bought at a few pounds an acre. In what more splendid way could Surrey testify to the honoured memory of King Edward than by dedicating Leith Hill to the enjoyment of the public for ever?

The conclusions reached by the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis are an emphatic endorsement of the views of English doctors, and destroy the late Professor Koch's theory that human beings are not liable to infection from the milk of tuberculous cows. The immediate question, however, is practical rather than scientific. Some of our ablest investigators have been busy for ten years past in examining the whole question on two experimental farms generously lent by Lord Blyth, and a large sum of public money has been well spent in equipping laboratories there. It is said that the Local Government Board is anxious to abandon this fine organisation, though Lord Blyth is ready to continue his loan. The alternative is to throw the burden of future experiment on the Board's own staff, already over-worked and lacking both the highly specialised knowledge and the equipment that are essential. Such a step would be foolish at any time, but an act of madness now, when the existing organisation is free to aid the wide investigation that will be possible in the sanatoria proposed by the Insurance Bill.

It is rather a striking coincidence that Charterhouse should be celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation in the year that is the centenary of the birth of one of the greatest of Carthusians. Thackeray entered the school in 1822 when

he was eleven years old and remained there until he was seventeen. If he was not very happy while he was at the school, he made many friends there; and that he learned in after life to love it as well as to criticise it, may be inferred from the number of boys whom he has made immortal as gownboys at "Greyfriars" or "The Slaughter House." There is Arthur Pendennis, and the Major before him, and Mr. Pendennis, the apothecary; "the blue-eyed, tart-loving Clive Newcome," as he has lately been described, and the Colonel; Philip; George Osborne, Dobbin, and little Rawdon Crawley.

One or two of our contemporaries have published statements to the effect that the history of Charterhouse is not known by the present generation of Carthusians; but this is very far from the fact. We believe that most Carthusians are perfectly familiar with the outlines of the history of Sutton's foundation. They hear it read every founder's day; we know several who could quote the head-master, *ipsissimis verbis*. It is one of the achievements of which Charterhouse is most justly proud that in spite of the fact that under Dr. Haig Brown the part of the foundation consisting of the school was moved to Godalming, the continuity of tradition was not broken by the change of site. The idea came to Dr. Haig Brown, or to one of his colleagues, that the old stones forming "Gownboy Arch" on which names of boys had been cut should be taken to Godalming. This was done; and Gownboy Arch now stands in Cloisters close to Gownboys and Verites, houses of which the names as well as the original inmates were brought from London. There is a theory, supported by the Master of Charterhouse—the old London foundation near "Smiffle"—that the house afterwards called Verites was where Thackeray boarded, though in those days the houses seem to have changed their names with each new house-master.

#### JULY.

The wind is in the willows, they are white beneath the breeze,  
And the river rushes rustle as they grow.  
The skimming swifts and swallows dip and sweep beneath the trees,  
Where the white-flowered water-weeds blow.  
At the foot of leaning poplars bowing grey against the blue,  
The quiet sheep are feeding newly shorn,  
And among the standing barley shot with poppies through and through,  
The corn-crake is creaking in the corn.

All day the doves are calling, and the rose is on the hedge  
Where the black-berried bryonies stray,  
The yellow flower-de-luce is growing tall among the sedge,  
Where the clover was crimson in the hay.  
O, the sounds and scents of Summer! blowing free upon the breeze,  
The honeysuckle, fashioned like a horn,  
And the fragrance of the elder in a dusk of stirring trees,  
And the night-jar churring on the thorn.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

A rather painful interest always attaches to the Civil Pension List. Mingled with the pleasure of reading of well-earned rewards there must be an inevitable tinge of regret that such small sums of money should make so much difference to those who, if they had their deserts, should never need a Civil List Pension. As to the individual pensions in this present list there can scarcely be anything but approval. Mr. W. B. Yeats is, beyond doubt, a very real poet, though opinions may differ as to whether his best claims to that title will ultimately rest upon his plays or on some of his shorter poems, such as "Innisfree" or "When you are old and grey and full of years," to instance two that we think the most charming. Mr. Yeats has not only delighted many readers by his poetry, but has given them a new interest in and feeling for his native country of Ireland. Mr. Conrad, too, has made himself an abiding name in literature to which the necessarily formal words, "in consideration of his merits as a writer of fiction," can do but scant justice. The small pension that falls to Mrs. John Davidson shows, if, indeed, further proof were wanted, that poetry, and genuine poetry, will too often not suffice to make a living for its writer. Among other pensions there is a well-deserved one to the daughters of the late Mr. Frederick Greenwood, while readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be glad to see that one has been awarded to the widow and daughters of the late Dr. Bowdler Sharpe for his admirable work in ornithology.

The Henley that is just over will be memorable in many ways—brilliant sunshine, total absence of wind, a record entry

and a record crowd. For some considerable time there has been an uneasy feeling in the rowing world that the Henley course is an unfair one, owing to the fact that the prevailing wind is one which blows directly across the river from the Bucks shore, and the crew drawing that station has the shelter of the bushes and the house-boats which are moored that side; in fact, an analysis of wins of the last twenty-five years has been taken out, and this shows that sixty per cent. of the crews drawing that station have won. Fortunately, there was nothing of that sort this year; the racing and the times were alike excellent. There was much excitement in the Grand when Ottawa beat the Belgians, only themselves to be completely outclassed by Magdalen on the following day. In the final the Jesus crew, who had made themselves famous by defeating the Belgians on their home waters a few weeks ago, were only just beaten by Magdalen after a terrific race in which they had led over the first half. There was a dead-heat in the Goblets, a most gallant struggle for the Diamonds, and in the Ladies' Plate a great victory for Eton, who have not had so fine a crew for many a year.

Thoroughly representative sides took part in the Gentlemen and Players' match at the Oval. It is pleasant to notice the prestige that this contest has acquired during the last few years. Not so long ago it was reckoned as nothing compared with this week's match at Lord's, now there is little to choose between them. The match which was decided on Wednesday was noticeable for the splendid batting of Fry, Douglas, Foster and Warner. Recent County cricket matches have been notable for the prolific first-innings scores obtained by Lancashire and Warwickshire. The former, entertaining Hampshire at Old Trafford, treated their guests to anything but pleasant fare, holding the field for six hours and a-half the while they put together 676 runs for seven wickets. The Warwickshire first innings of 501 against Surrey at Edgbaston contained a magnificent score of 200 by Mr. Foster and a promising 72 by Parsons. Thanks to a great last-wicket partnership and to Hayes Surrey saved the match.

The very important question of church restoration was discussed last week at the Congress of Archaeological Societies, which are in union with the Society of Antiquaries. It is much to be hoped that the Congress will succeed in inducing the Government to see that the Society of Antiquaries should be granted a legal standing whereby it can further the ends of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments. At present the Society does much useful work by drawing attention to proposed acts of vandalism, and sometimes, but unhappily not always, its protests are effectual. What is wanted is its investment with some statutory power whereby, in doubtful cases, proposed alterations in the fabric of ancient buildings may be delayed until their absolute necessity is proved to the satisfaction of a competent authority. At present some of the clergy proceed with alterations without applying for a faculty; but even when this is done, the bishop's chancellor may be a Gallio in these things, and permit in ignorance all manner of havoc, because the case against restoration is not properly stated.

The Congress, moreover, passed a resolution recommending that all local archaeological societies should follow the admirable example of Sussex. That county society has appointed a special committee to keep watch over the ecclesiastical antiquities within its borders, to forward protests to the bishop when such seem necessary, and to oppose the faculties where there is a danger of mischievous alterations. All this is good enough and a step in the right direction, but powers for more drastic action are wanted. Until the Society of Antiquaries secures from the Government such powers as will enable it to do more than to make protests, it is likely that the ravaging of our ancient monuments will continue as merrily as it does now. We have no doubt that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which has played the watchdog with great efficiency for so many years, would welcome the giving of official powers to the elder society, and the practical experience of its members in right repair would perhaps enable sound alternative schemes to be put forward with the weight of the Antiquaries behind them.

The old school of sportsmen is quickly passing away. It is not so long since we had to regret the death of Mr. Robert Watson and of his son, the Master of the Meath; now the death of Mr. George Race, who has hunted hounds for sixty years, is announced. As a breeder of hounds he had long held a leading place, and the Biggleswade Harriers have won a lasting reputation in the field and on the flags. Mr. George Race succeeded

his father in the Mastership of the family pack, and bred the hounds and hunted them in the field for sixty seasons. Many changes in the country-side and in the hunting-field he had witnessed. He began his career in those fortunate days when wire was unknown and the country he hunted over far less intersected by railroads. But hunting-men have a wonderful gift for adapting themselves and their favourite sport to changing conditions. In many respects, since the days when Mr. Race first began to hunt hounds, changes for the worse in the conditions of hunting have come about. Yet he, at all events, was found equal to meeting the altered circumstances, and managed to enjoy his sport up to the end.

At the National Sweet Pea Society's show, held at Vincent Square on Tuesday and Wednesday last, no fewer than two thousand five hundred bunches of flowers, mostly composed of twenty sprays each, were staged, and the quality, although perhaps not quite so good as usual, was of a high standard. As usual, the waved flowers were most frequently shown, and it would almost seem as though these will eventually be the only varieties that exhibitors will countenance. The most noticeable improvements have been effected in flowers of pink and orange shades. So-called blue varieties still leave room for improvement, and it is to be hoped that ere many years have passed hybridists will produce good blue varieties with a vigour equal to that of the crimson and pink kinds. A good yellow variety seems as far off as ever, the nearest approach to this colour at present being flowers of pale primrose.

#### A MATTER OF OPINION.

(To E. G. B.)

You laughed while Olave, Jack and I  
With careful and recurring swish  
Deposited the wily fly  
In front of still more wily fish;  
You charged us with the pleasant crime  
Of wasting time.

And if to eye and hand alert  
On rare occasions through the day  
Some little "tidy" less expert  
Than his companions fell a prey,  
We never missed your jeering cries  
About his size.

But when at night the rods were laid  
Along their rack, and lamps were lit,  
With patience cards in rows displayed  
No waste of time you fancied it  
To deal and deal and deal again  
So oft in vain.

And yet the calm unbiassed mind  
That neither rise nor cards can thrill,  
Between our pastimes scarce would find  
Much difference, save that slighter skill  
Perhaps will get "Chicago" out  
Than shy Colne trout.

R. S. T. C.

There will be widespread satisfaction in the fact that Sceptre is remaining in this country. The loss of a mare of her quality and performances would have been a matter for general regret, and it is to be hoped that her stock will hereafter repay Messrs. Rupert and Somerville Tattersall for their enterprise and patriotism. The price of seven thousand guineas which was paid was probably as high as could be expected from the quality of Sceptre's stock up to the present time. But a mare of her breeding and performances has possibilities which cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings and pence. Nor do we look so much to the immediate future in a case of this kind as to the possibilities in store for the English thorough-bred which may be the consequence of keeping in this country a mare of such winning performances and of so excellent a pedigree. The present owners may be trusted to make the best use of their purchase and to seek for such alliances as may produce the best results from their venture. While we must regret the break-up of such a stud as that of Sir William Bass, yet the dispersal of a great stud is nearly always beneficial from the distribution it occasions of winning lines of blood into other studs.

This is about the date that some of the migrants are thinking about their return journey to more Southern regions, although it is hardly to be supposed that their food supplies can already be beginning to fail them here. The swifts are always about

the first to go, and the nightjar, to which they are closely related, goes early also. There are to be seen, more evident in their exodus than these fast flyers of the day and night, little bands of the smaller birds of the finch and allied families working along by flights close over the land, and the manner of their going bears witness that there are exceptions to the rule which certainly holds good generally, that migration flights are made at a great height in the air. What these small birds may do when they have a sheet of water to cross it is not so easy to say, for we do not often hear of their being seen flying low over the water. Probably they rise in order to get a sight of the further shore, but this great elevation does not seem favoured by them unless the circumstances demand it. No doubt the ways of migration, as of other avine doings, are various.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries have just issued their monthly report on the state of the crops. It is dated July 7th, and gives details concerning the agricultural conditions in the different districts of Great Britain. The crop reporters comment generally upon the adverse effect on the

crops of the continued spell of hot dry weather which was experienced in the early part of June; but they find considerable improvement after the rain. Wheat stood the prolonged dry period better than barley or oats, and in the opinion of the reporters promises to be the best of the cereal crops. It improved during the month, and is now reported to be for the most part strong and healthy and coming into ear very well. In many districts straw is short, but it made some growth during the rains. The yield on the whole is expected slightly to exceed the average, and the best results may be looked for in the Northern Counties. Barley and oats have suffered from want of moisture; beans have been considerably affected by fly. Potatoes have done well in most districts, though in some places they were affected by frosts; and early varieties have yielded light crops. The prospects of the hay crop have changed badly for the worse, and the results now are expected to be below the average. "Taking 100 for an average crop, the appearance of the crops on July 1st indicated: Wheat, 101; barley, 97; oats, 94; beans, 99; peas, 99; potatoes, 102; mangold, 99; 'seeds' hay, 94; meadow hay, 90; hops, 98."

## THE THISTLE CHAPEL.

**W**HEN the King goes to visit his Scottish capital next week, one of his chief acts will be the inauguration of the new chapel for the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle at St. Giles' Cathedral.

The story of how this beautiful little building came to be added to the venerable fabric of St. Giles is an interesting one. The late Lord Leven and Melville left in his will a sum of forty thousand pounds to be devoted to the restoration of the Chapel Royal of Holyrood for the use of the Knights of the Order. Lord Balcarres and Sir John Stirling Maxwell were appointed trustees, with the provision that the sum bequeathed should revert to the estate unless the proposal could be carried out exactly in the terms of the will. Professor Lethaby prepared a report for the trustees which was wholly adverse to any attempt to rebuild the Chapel of Holyrood, a decision which every lover of ancient architecture must applaud. Had the scheme of reconstructing the ruins been pursued, the result would have been a building neither old nor new, a mongrel of the ages. Its abandonment, however, for the time frustrated a wish which was dear to the heart of the late King Edward, namely, that the Order of the Thistle should have a beautiful and abiding home for the Investiture of its Knights and for Chapters of the Order. A happy solution was found when the present Lord Leven and Melville generously offered his proportion of the original bequest so that a suitable chapel might be built elsewhere. The King thereupon summoned a Chapter of the Knights, and, after some negotiation, it was decided to add

a new chapel to St. Giles'. The examples of chapels in Britain consecrated to the rites of chivalry were few but distinguished. The Garter Knights have a splendid home in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and those of the Bath in



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THE ANTE-CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Chapel of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. To the Order of St. Michael and St. George has lately been reserved one of the side chapels in St. Paul's Cathedral. To Mr. R. S. Lorimer of Edinburgh was entrusted the delightful but difficult task of designing for the Thistle Knights a building which should be distinctive in itself while yet taking its place faithfully and naturally in the general fabric of the parent church. The space available round the Cathedral was limited, and every consideration pointed to the placing of the addition at the south-east corner. Happily, the accommodation required was limited, for this exclusive Order contains no more than sixteen Knights, in addition to the three Royal Knights; but while the floor area of the new chapel is small, its great height gives it an effect of notable dignity.

The religious rites of the Order are naturally based on Presbyterian traditions, and there is no altar. The east end is, therefore, occupied by a chair of State, which is used by the King

as the Sovereign of the Order at the Investiture of a new Knight. Of the five stalls at the west end, that in the middle is the King's, and upon it, therefore, has been lavished the most elaborate work of the carver, while its canopy rises to a height of over thirty feet. Right and left are the Royal stalls of the Prince of Wales (who is not yet to be installed) and the Duke of Connaught, and flanking them are the places of the Senior Knights, the Dukes of Athol and Argyll. On the north and south sides are stalls for the other fourteen Knights. The type of window tracery and detail adopted for the stonework has been inspired by those fragments of the fabric of old St. Giles', which survived the disastrous veneering it received at the heavy hand of Burn. Two moulded archways give access from the Cathedral to an ante-chapel, the rich vaulting of which has been kept low, doubtless to give value to the great height of the chapel itself. The first impression as one enters the chapel is of restrained nobility, the brilliant colours of its heraldry



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KNIGHTS' STALLS ON THE NORTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Copyright.

## THE KING'S STALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

standing out boldly from the canopied stalls and streaming through the richly-painted windows. The vaulted roof is a finely-conceived piece of mason-craft. Its design, with the elaborate ribwork and carved bosses at all intersections, seems to have been inspired by that most perfect period of Gothic art, its high summer-time, when roofs reached their apogee of logical construction and burgeoned into loveliness, before the declining days when fan tracery became a *tour de force* of constructed beauty rather than the sane beauty of enriched construction. The bosses themselves are luxuriantly symbolic of the purposes of the chapel. Thereon are represented, among others, the emblems of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland and of the Order, and of St. Giles. Others are adorned with the Thistle and with the Jewel of the Order, while those which do not tell a heraldic story are carved with delightful conventions of natural things like the rose, the acorn and the sweet-brier.

Homage is done to the fourteen first appointed Knights, for demi-angels carry shields blazoned with their coats-of-arms. Loyal Scotsmen would like to believe that when James the Seventh of Scotland and Second of England established the Order in 1687 and created eight Knights out of the twelve which were to complete it, he was only reviving a Fellowship which had its roots deep in Scottish history. The cold eye of the historian surveying this theory cannot find evidence to support it, though the Royal founder, in his warrant of institution, stated that the Order had continued in great glory and splendour for many hundreds of years, and had become extinct only in the time of Queen Mary. The only basis for the King's story is the appearance in pictures and on seals of collars of thistles. Such ornaments may, indeed, have been bestowed by Scottish monarchs on individuals; but such gifts do not constitute an order of knighthood. Moreover, no single portrait of a Scottish nobleman

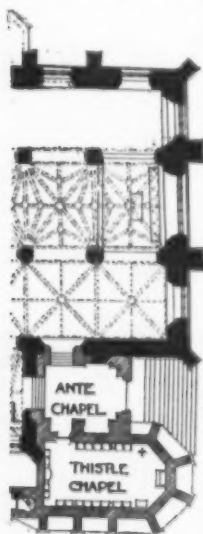


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THE EAST END AND CHAIR OF STATE.

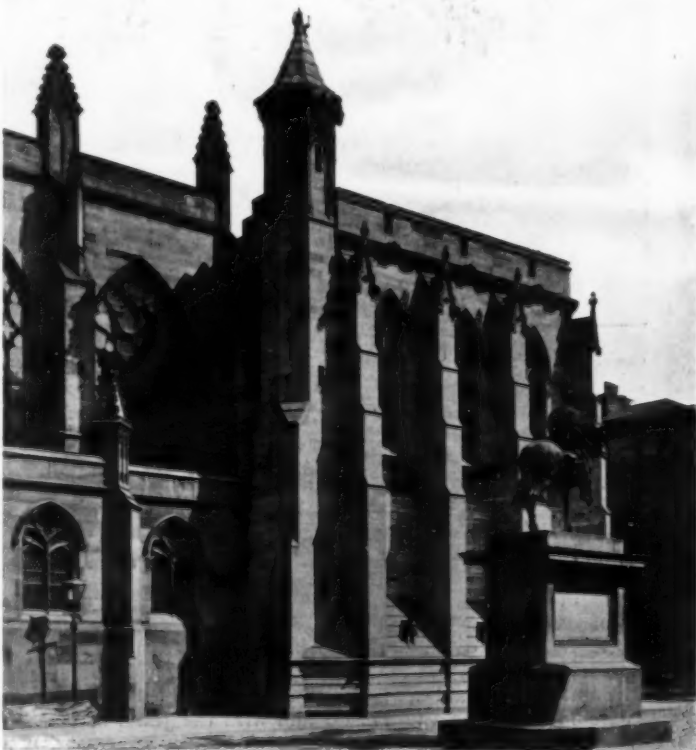
"COUNTRY LIFE."

wearing a collar of thistles can be found prior to 1687, and this seems conclusively to destroy the story of an earlier origin for the Order. It must be confessed, indeed, that this creation of James seemed at the time to have promise of little permanence. The throne of the last of the Stewarts was even then tottering, and when James fled the country before the victorious William, the Order fell into abeyance. Sixteen years later, however, it was revived by Queen Anne. Meanwhile, Fate had been busy with the original eight creations. The Earls of Perth, Seaforth, Melfort and Dumbarton, who followed the exiled James, found their reward in attainder. The Duke of Gordon and Earl of Arran had accepted the inevitable and lived to see the Order reconstituted; but the Earl of Moray and the Marquess of Atholl, equally phant, did not survive. When Queen Anne created six new Knights in 1704, another Atholl was among them, and soon after was nominated the Earl of Orrery, the only Irish Peer who ever received this distinctively Scottish honour. In 1827 the total number of Knights was increased from fourteen to sixteen. The Order has counted in its Fellowship all who have been greatest in the Peerage of Scotland and one Commoner only, in the person of the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Baronet, of Keir, a singular distinction. On Wednesday next, when the Knights go to their stalls they will sit beneath tall and slender canopies, topped with crested helm and lambrequin, all gay in their right heraldic colours. On the panels at their back will be stall-plates with their coats-of-arms, brilliant with champlevé enamel. Wherever the eye rests will be tabernacle work of intricate beauty. The arms of the stalls are delightfully fashioned with images of divers beasts—"a canticle of the creatures" wrought in wood. Such work can be the outcome only of a real enjoyment in the men who drove the chisel. It shows that the reign of Gothic fancy is not dead, but



PLAN.

persists in lively fashion even in our day. Mr. Lorimer's gift of design has done much, but he would have been helpless without the fine craftsmanship of those who have wrought with him. One is inclined to tremble when one hears of organic additions to a great mediæval building. There is so much chance of going wrong, so little likelihood that the architect will rise to a great opportunity. For Mr. Lorimer's work, however, there can be nothing but praise, and when the



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A MAZE OF VAULTING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CARVED BEASTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sovereign Lord of the Order of the Thistle takes his place at the head of his Knights, it will be in a chapel worthy of the goodly fellowship that has gathered among its present members and those who have gone before them, the flower of Scottish chivalry.

L. W.

### THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD

Someone is always sitting there  
     In the little green Orchard;  
 Ev'n when the sun is high  
 In noon's unclouded sky  
 And faintly droning goes  
 The bee from rose to rose,  
 Someone in shadow is sitting there  
     In the little green Orchard.

I have heard voices calling softly  
     In the little green Orchard,  
 When the grey dew distils,  
 And every flower-cup fills,  
 When the last blackbird says,  
 "What, what!"—and goes her way; Ssh!  
 I have heard voices calling softly  
     In the little green Orchard.

Not that I'm 'fraid of being there  
     In the little green Orchard;  
 Why, when the moon's been bright,  
 Shedding her lonesome light  
 And moths, like ghosties, come,  
 And the horned snail leaves home,  
 I've sat there, whispering and listening there,  
     In the little green Orchard.

Only it's strange to be feeling there  
     In the little green Orchard,  
 Whether you read or draw,  
 Dig, hammer, chop, or saw;  
 When you are most alone,  
 All but the silence gone—  
 Someone is waiting and watching there  
     In the little green Orchard.

WALTER DE LA MARE.



NORMAN.



W. U. Kirk and Sons.

CORRENZIA

THE WHIM.

SNOWDROP.

Copyright.

RACING AT CALSHOT.

# LALAGE'S LOVERS



By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

## CHAPTER X.

"THAT Tithers man," said Lalage, "seems to be a fairly good sort."

"Is Tithers another name for the Puffin?"

"No," said Lalage. "Tithers is Joey P."

"He signed his letter Joseph P.," said Hilda, "so at first we called him that."

Titherington usually signs himself Joseph P. I inferred that he was Tithers.

"You liked him?" I said.

"In some ways he's rather an ass," said Lalage, "and just at first I thought he was inclined to have too good an opinion of himself. But that was only his manner. In the end he turned out to be a fairly good sort. I thought he was going to kick up a bit when I asked him to sign the agreement, but he did it all right when I explained to him that he'd have to."

"Lalage," I said, "I'd like very much to see that agreement."

"Hilda has it. Hilda, trot out the agreement."

Hilda trotted it out of a small bag which she carried attached to her waist by a chain. I opened it and read aloud:

"Memorandum of an agreement made this tenth day of February between the Members of the A.S.P.L., hereinafter called the Speakers, of the one part, and Joseph P. Titherington, Election Agent, of the other."

"I call that rather good," said Lalage.

"Very," I said. "Selby-Harrison did it, I suppose."

"Of course," said Lalage.

"(1) The Speakers are to deliver for the said Election Agent . . . speeches before the tenth of March."

"I told Tithers to fill in the number of speeches he wanted," said Lalage, "but he seems to have forgotten."

"(2) The Speakers hereby agree to assign to the said Election Agent, his successors and assigns, and the said Election Agent hereby agrees to enjoy, the sole benefit of the above speeches in the British Empire."

"(3) When the demand for such speeches has evidently ceased, the said Election Agent shall be at liberty—"

I paused. There was something which struck me as familiar about the wording of this agreement. I recollected suddenly that the Archdeacon had once consulted me about an agreement which ran very much on the same lines. It came from the office of a well-known publisher. The Archdeacon was at that time bringing out his "Lectures to Confirmation Candidates."

"Has Selby-Harrison," I asked, "been publishing a book?"

"No," said Lalage, "but his father has."

"Ah," I said, "that accounts for this agreement form."

"Quite so," said Lalage. "He copied it from that, making the necessary changes. Rather piffle I call that part about enjoying the speeches in the British Empire. It isn't likely that Tithers would want to enjoy them anywhere else. But there's a good bit coming. Skip on to number eight."

I skipped and then read again.

"(8) The Speakers agree that the said speeches shall be in no way a violation of existing copyright, and the said Agent agrees to hold harmless the said Speakers from all suits, claims and proceedings which may be taken on the ground that the said speeches contain anything libellous."

"That's important," said Lalage.

"It is," I said, "very. I notice that Selby-Harrison has a note at the bottom of the page to the effect that a penny stamp is required if the amount is over two pounds. He seems rather

fond of that. I recollect he had it in the agreement he drew up for me."

"It wasn't in the original," said Lalage. "He put it in because we all thought it would be safer."

"You were right. After the narrow shave you had with the Bishops you can't be too careful. And the amount is almost certain to be over two pounds. Even Vittie's character must be worth more than that."

"Vittie," said Lalage, "appears to be the very kind of man we want to get at. I've been reading his speeches."

"I expect," I said, "that you'll enjoy O'Donoghue too. But Vittie is to be your chief prey. I wonder Mr. Titherington didn't insist on inserting a clause to that effect in the agreement."

"Tithers hated signing it. I was obliged to keep prodding him on or he wouldn't have done it. Selby-Harrison said that either you or he must, so, of course, it had to be him. We couldn't go for you in any way because we'd promised to respect your scruples."

I recollected the telegram I had received just before leaving Lisbon.

"I wish," I said, "that I felt sure you had respected my scruples. What about Selby-Harrison's father? Has he been consulted?"

"Selby-Harrison isn't coming; only me and Hilda."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, he's in the Divinity School now."

"That needn't stop him," I said. "My constituency is full of parsons, priests and Presbyterian ministers, all rampant. Selby-Harrison will be in good company. But how did he get into the Divinity School? I thought the Provost said he must take up medicine on account of that trouble with the Bishops."

"Oh, that's all blown over long ago. And being a Divinity student wasn't his only reason for not coming. The fact is his father lives down there."

"Ah," I said. "That's more serious."

"He wrote to his father and told him to be sure to vote for you. That was as far as he cared to go in the matter."

"It was very good of him to do so much. And now about your mother, Hilda. Has she given her consent?"

"Not quite," said Hilda. "But she hasn't forbidden me."

"We haven't told her," said Lalage.

"Lalage, you haven't respected my scruples, and you promised you would. You promised in the most solemn way in a telegram which must have cost you twopence a word."

"We have respected them," said Lalage.

"You have not. My chief scruple was Hilda's mother."

"My point is that you haven't had anything to do with the business. We arranged it all with Tithers, and you weren't even asked to give your consent. I don't see what more could have been done for your scruples."

"Hilda's mother might have been asked."

"I can't stop here arguing with you all afternoon," said Lalage. "Come on, Hilda."

"Don't go just yet. I promise not to mention Hilda's mother again."

"We can't possibly stay, can we, Hilda? We have our viva to-morrow."

"Viva!"

"Voce," said Lalage. "You must know what that means. The kind of exam. you don't write."

I got *viva* into its natural connection with *voce* and grasped at Lalage's meaning.

"Part of the Jun: Soph: Ord:?" I said.

"Of course," said Lalage. "What else could it be?"  
 "In that case I mustn't keep you. You'll be wanting to look up your astronomy. But you must allow me to parcel up the rest of the cakes for you. I should like you to have them, and you're sure to be hungry again before bedtime."

"Won't you want them yourself?"

"No. I won't. And even if I did I wouldn't eat them. It would hardly be fair to Mr. Titherington. He's doing his best for me, and he'll naturally expect me to keep as fit as possible."

"Very well," said Lalage, "rather than leave them here to rot or be eaten by mice, we'll take them. Hilda, pack them up in that biscuit tin, and take care that the creamy ones don't get squashed."

Hilda tried to pack them up, but the biscuit tin would not hold them all. We had not finished the wafers which it originally contained. I rang for the waiter and made him bring us a cardboard box. We laid the cakes in it very tenderly. We tied on the lid with string and then made a loop in the string for Hilda's hand. It was she who carried both the box and the biscuit tin.

"Good-bye," said Lalage. "We'll meet again on the twenty-first."

It was not until after they were gone that I understood why we should meet again on the 21st. That was the day of my first meeting in East Connor, and Lalage had promised to speak at it. I felt very uneasy. It was utterly impossible to guess at what might happen when Lalage appeared in the constituency. I sat down and wrote a letter to Canon Beresford. I did not expect him to do anything, but it relieved my mind to write. After all, it was his business, not mine, to look after Lalage. Three days later I got an answer from him.

"I shall not be at all surprised," he wrote, "if Lalage turns out to be a good platform speaker. She has, I understand, had a good deal of practice in some college debating society, and has acquired a certain fluency of utterance. She always had something to say, even as a child. I wish I could run up to County Down and hear her, but it is a long journey and the weather is miserably cold. The Archdeacon told me yesterday that you meant to employ her in this election of yours. He seemed to dislike the idea very much and wanted me to 'put my foot down.' (The phrase, I need scarcely say, is his.) I explained to him that if I put my foot down, Lalage would immediately tread on it, which would hurt me and not even trip her. Besides, I do not see why I should. If Lalage finds that kind of thing amusing, she ought to be allowed to enjoy it. You have my best wishes for your success with the *turba quiritum*. I am glad, very, that it is you who have to face them, not I. I do not know anything in the world that I should dislike more."

#### CHAPTER XI.

TITHERINGTON took room for me in the better of the two hotels in Ballygore, and I went down there on the day on which he told me I ought to go. Two days after my arrival I developed a sharp attack of influenza. Titherington flew to my side at once, which was the thing, of all possible things, that I most wanted him not to do. He aggravated my sufferings greatly by speaking as if my condition were my own fault. I was too feverish to argue coherently. All I could do was to swear at him occasionally. No man has any

right to be as stupid as Titherington is. It is utterly ridiculous to suppose that I should undergo racking pains in my limbs, a violent headache and extreme general discomfort if I could possibly avoid it. Titherington ought to have seen this for himself. He did not. He scolded me and would, I am sure, have gone on scolding me until I cried if what he took for a brilliant idea had not suddenly occurred to him.

"It's an ill-wind," he said, cheerfully, "which can't be made to blow any good. I think I see my way to getting something out of this miserable collapse of yours. I'll call in McMeekin."

"If McMeekin is a doctor, get him. He may not be able to do me any good, but he'll give orders that I'm to be left quiet, and that's all I want."

"McMeekin's no damned use as a doctor; but he'll—"

"Then get someone else. Surely he's not the only one there is."

"There are two others; but they're both sure to support you in any case, whereas McMeekin—"

The way Titherington was discussing my illness annoyed me. I interrupted him and tried my best to insult him.

"I don't want to be supported. I want to be cured. Not that any of them can do that. I simply can't and won't have another blithering idiot let loose at me. One's enough."

I thought that would outrage Titherington and drive him from my room. But he made allowances for my condition and refused to take offence.

"McMeekin," he said, "sets up to be a blessed Radical, and is Vittie's strongest supporter."

"In that case send for him at once. He'll probably poison me on purpose, and then this will be over."

"He's not such an idiot as to do that. He knows that if anything happened to you we'd get another candidate."

Titherington's tone suggested that the other candidate would certainly be my superior, and that Vittie's chances against me were better than they would be against anyone else. I

turned round with a groan and lay with my face to the wall. Titherington went on talking.

"If you give McMeekin a good fee," he said, "say a couple of guineas, he'll think twice about taking the chair at Vittie's meeting on the twenty-fourth."

I twisted my neck round and scowled at Titherington. He left the room without shutting the door. I spent the next hour in hoping vehemently that he would get the influenza himself. I would have gone on hoping this if I had not been interrupted by the arrival of McMeekin. He did all the usual things with stethoscopes and thermometers and he asked me all the usual offensive questions. It seemed to me that he spent far more than the usual time over this revolting ritual. I kept as firm a grip on my temper as I could, and as soon as he had finished asked him, in a perfectly calm and reasonable tone, to be kind enough to put me out of my misery at once with prussic acid. Instead of doing what I asked, or making any kind of sane excuse for refusing, he said he would telegraph to Dublin for a nurse. She could not, he seemed to think, arrive until the next day, so he said he would take a bed in the hotel and look after me himself during the night. This was more than I or anyone else could stand. I saw the necessity for making a determined effort.



"I have never seen a more unutterably abhorrent sight than Titherington in evening dress. The nurse rebuked him for having wakened me."

"I am," I said, "perfectly well. Except for a slight cold in the head, which makes me a bit stupid, there's nothing the matter with me. I intend to get up at once and go out canvassing. Would you mind ringing the bell and asking for some hot water?"

McMeekin rang the bell, muttering as he did so something about a temperature of one hundred and four degrees. A red-headed maid with a freckled face answered the summons. Before I could say anything to her McMeekin gave orders that a second bed should be brought into my room, and that she, the red-haired, freckled girl, should sit beside me and not take her eyes off me for a moment while he went home to get his bag. I forgot all about Titherington then, and concentrated my remaining strength on a hope that McMeekin would get the influenza. It is one of the few diseases which doctors do get. I planned that when he got it I would search Ireland for red-headed girls with freckled faces, and pay hundreds of them, all I could collect in the four provinces, to sit beside him and not take their eyes off him while I went to get a bag. My bag, as I arranged, would be fetched by long sea from Tasmania.

My recollections of the next day are confused. Titherington and McMeekin were constantly passing in and out of the room, and at some time or other a strange woman arrived who paid a deference which struck me as perfectly ridiculous to McMeekin. To me she made herself most offensive. I found out afterwards that she was the nurse whom McMeekin had summoned by telegraph.

The next day McMeekin said I was better, which showed me that Titherington was right in saying that he was no damned use as a doctor. I was very distinctly worse. I was, in fact, so bad that when the nurse insisted on arranging the bedclothes I burst into tears and sobbed afterwards for many hours. That ought to have shown her that arranging bedclothes was particularly bad for me. But she was an utterly callous woman. She arranged them again at about eight o'clock and told me to go to sleep. I had not slept at all since I got the influenza, and I could not sleep then, but I thought it better to pretend to sleep and I lay as still as I could. After I had been pretending for a long while, at some hour in the very middle of the night, Titherington burst into my room in a noisy way. He was in evening dress, and his shirt front had a broad wrinkle across it. I have never seen a more unutterably abhorrent sight than Titherington in evening dress. The nurse rebuked him for having awakened me, which showed me that she was a fool as well as a wantonly cruel woman. I had not been asleep, and any nurse who knew her business would have seen that I was only pretending. Titherington took no notice of her. He was bubbling over with something he wanted to say, and twenty nurses would not have stopped him.

"We had a great meeting," he said. "The hall was absolutely packed, and the boys at the back nearly killed a man who wanted to ask questions."

"McMeekin, I hope," I said, feebly.

"No. McMeekin was on the platform. Mind that, now. On the platform. I gave him a hint beforehand that we were thinking of calling in another man if you didn't improve. He simply bounded on to the platform after that. It'll be an uncommonly nasty jar for Vittie. The speaking wasn't up to much, most of it; but I wish you'd heard the cheers when I apologised for your absence and told them you were ill in bed. It would have done you good. I wouldn't give tuppence for Vittie's chances of getting a dozen votes in this part of the division. We had two temperance secretaries, damned asses, to propose votes of thanks."

"For my influenza?"

"You're getting better," said Titherington, "not a doubt of it. I'll send you round a dozen of champagne to-morrow, proper stuff, and by the time you've swallowed it you'll be chirruping like a grasshopper."

"I'm not getting better, and that brute, McMeekin, wouldn't let me look at champagne. He gives me gruel and a vile slop he calls beef tea."

"If he doesn't give you something to buck you up," said Titherington, "I'll set Miss Beresford on him. She'll make him hop."

The mention of Lalage reminded me that the meeting was the occasion of her first speech. I found myself beginning to take a slight interest in what Titherington was saying. It did not really matter to me how things had gone, for I knew that I was going to die almost at once. But even with that prospect before me I wanted to hear how Lalage's maiden speech had been received.

"Did Miss Beresford speak at the meeting?" I asked.

The nurse came over to my bed and insisted on slipping her thermometer under my arm. It was a useless and insulting thing to do, but I bore it in silence, because I wanted to hear about Lalage's speech. Titherington did not answer at once, and when he did it was in an unsatisfactory way.

"Oh, she spoke all right," he said.

"You may just as well tell me the truth."

"The speech was a good speech, I'll not deny that, a thundering good speech."

The nurse came at me again and retrieved her abominable thermometer. She twisted it about in the light of the lamp and then whispered to Titherington.

"Don't shuffle," I said to him. "I can see perfectly well that you're keeping something back from me. Did McMeekin insult Miss Beresford in any way? For if he did—"

"Not at all," said Titherington. "But I've been talking long enough. I'll tell you all the rest to-morrow."

Without giving me a chance of protesting, he left the room. I felt that I was going to break down again; but I restrained myself and told the nurse plainly what I thought of her.

"I don't know," I said, "whether it is in accordance with the etiquette of your profession to thwart the wishes of a dying man; but that's what you've just done. You know perfectly well that I shall not be alive to-morrow morning, and you could see that the only thing I really wanted was to hear something about the meeting. Even a murderer is given some indulgence on the morning of his execution. But just because I have, through no fault of my own, contracted a disease which neither you nor McMeekin know how to cure, I am not allowed to ask a simple question. You may think—I have no doubt you do think—that you have acted with firmness and tact. In reality you have been guilty of blood-curdling cruelty of a kind probably unmatched in the annals of the Spanish Inquisition."

I think my words produced a good deal of effect on her. She did not attempt to make any answer, but she covered up my shoulder with the bedclothes. I shook them off again at once and scowled at her with such bitterness that she left my bedside and sat down near the fire. I saw that she was watching me, so again pretended to go to sleep.

(To be continued.)

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE

### HOOPOES.

I HAVE seen a hoopoe in the South of England this spring, and have heard of others being noted. These extremely handsome wanderers have been known as summer migrants in Britain for two or three centuries; probably they have visited us for untold hundreds of years, season after season, arriving from Africa and the East. The beauty and the unwonted appearance of this bird are, unhappily, fatal to it, and unless it has the extreme good fortune to make its resting-place in some secluded country-side, where the owner and his keepers are protectors of rare birds—an unusual combination, of course—its ultimate fate is pretty certain: death and an after appearance in a glass case. I was talking to a well-known ornithologist in the South of England last week, however, who gave me the cheering intelligence that he is well acquainted with one haunt of hoopoes, where, even in quite recent years, the birds are so carefully sheltered that they have been able to nest and rear their young. In this favoured spot, my informant (upon whose statement I can absolutely rely) tells me he has seen, within the last year or two, no fewer than fifteen of these birds, old and young, during a single day. This is one of the most cheering bits of news concerning bird-life that I have heard for a long time. It proves that if hoopoes could only rely upon a fair measure of protection, they would, in certain localities suited to their habits, become familiar English summer birds. The pity of it is that there are so many British barbarians abroad agog for the slaughter of these and other rare birds.

### BIRDS AS FISHERMEN.

From the nocturnal habits of owls it is but seldom that even the most enterprising observer can ever have the opportunity of watching these birds in their fishing operations. Kingfishers can, of course, with a little patience and care be seen at work, and they are well worth the watching. Of the nobler fishing birds the white-tailed eagle, or erne, and the osprey are now too uncommon and too little seen to afford, except on the rarest occasions, the grand spectacle which they must once have yielded to our ancestors freely enough. Now and again an unsuspecting osprey will visit some inland water, a quiet broad in Norfolk or a lake in some well-fenced park, and for a few days, or even for a week or two, will remain and capture its prey daily. Then comes along a man with a gun, wildly desirous of shooting a rare species, and the spectacle is over. In South Africa I have often observed the very handsome African sea-eagle (*Haliastur vocifer*) at work, especially on the lagoons and rivers of the far interior. This noble bird, known to the Boers as the "Groote visch-vanger" or "Witte visch-vanger," is a magnificent sportsman and a bold flyer, seizing its prey with wonderful address and daring. Its wild scream, so often heard, is very remarkable. Its very striking plumage, pure white as to the upper parts and deep reddish brown elsewhere, adds greatly to the fine picture this raptorial presents when engaged in its operations. Sometimes, where pelicans are plentiful, this eagle will secure a good fish with a minimum of exertion. Swooping down threateningly on the pelican, that bird opens its mouth to give vent to its terror. From the bag-like pouch beneath the pelican's lower mandible the sea-eagle seizes a good fish and flies off, no doubt chuckling to itself at the ease of the capture and the idiocy of the victim. For many a thousand years must the pelicans have thus been robbed, yet they seem to have evolved no kind of defensive scheme against a manoeuvre with which they are all thoroughly familiar! Yet a wounded pelican with a bullet through its body will strike fiercely and repeatedly at the approaching gunner.

### THE KITE.

This bird, known to our rural ancestors as the gled, or glead, puttock, fork-tailed glead and greedy glead, was sixty or seventy years ago still fairly common in many parts of England and Wales. It yet survives as a breeding species, thanks to the careful protection which has been extended to it in a certain locality in South Wales. Last year it was stated at a meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club that the season had been a good one for these birds, which then numbered about twenty in their Welsh habitat. Four nests had been watched, of which one was deserted, while the three others had produced six young ones. These birds are occasionally seen in Scotland, but I believe that the last pair known to have nested there—in Perthshire—are to be dated back so far as the year 1871—forty years since. In Lincolnshire a pair nested in 1870, and another pair is stated to have bred near Shrewsbury in 1895—this last pair may, however, possibly be referred to Wales. Wanderers occasionally visit our islands from the Continent, but as a rule these unfortunate stragglers are quickly shot. Colonel Montagu, who published his excellent "Dictionary of Birds" in 1802, speaks of the kite in his day as being common in the East of England, rare in the North and more rare in the West. It was certainly a familiar bird in Wales and Scotland in those times. He records a singular incident concerning two male birds which were engaged in combat in the spring of the year. They both fell to the ground "holding firmly by each other's talons and actually suffered themselves to be killed by a woodman who was close by, and who demolished them both with his bill-hook." The black kite (*Milvus migrans*) has only been recorded twice in this country, in 1866 and 1901, and can, therefore, scarcely be regarded as a real British bird.

H. A. BRYDEN.

## ON A HIGHLAND DEER FOREST.—I.



IN SCOTTISH WOODS.

**W**INTER dies hard in the Highlands, and the birth of spring is accompanied by much travail. Bitter winds from the north and north-east, with blinding snowstorms, gales from every quarter in rapid succession, lashing rain or rain

steady, persistent and soaking, alternate with brief spells of warm sunshine and gentle breezes from the west in one topsyturvy medley of the seasons. But in those rare intervals when the storm clouds roll off the hills across the loch, the afternoon sun slants his magic beams over the landscape, transforming the countryside into one glorious pageant of colour, and gives promise of a better morrow. Bright warm browns of budding tracery on the silver-stemmed birches and the evergreen needles of the red-stemmed pines are set aglow,

standing out in harmonious contrast against the hills still under the shadow—deep velvety purple with a mystifying filmy veil, delicate and indescribable as the bloom on fruit.

Then songsters break into a swelling chorus, plovers dip and wheel in abandoned, purposeless course over plough pasture and heather, oyster-catcher and redshank by the lochside whistle their

piping notes as they chase each other in mating flight, and from far away in the uplands comes the curlew's liquid, tremulous wail. Such is April—the month of courtship—for, despite the chilling returns of winter and the keen winds of March—the month of battle—the process of selection has been going on, and now the males bow and scrape with assiduous attention before their chosen mates in the brief honeymoon period which precedes the nesting proper. Well-nigh every



HORNS AND VELVET.

morning, and frequently in the evening, the polygamous black-cock do battle for their harems on the appointed ground where all disputes are settled. The grass is beaten down by the feet of many combatants and littered with the feathers shed in the fray and the droppings of interested spectators, who are awaiting their turn to become principals in the fight. As the two champions face each other with tail raised and spread fanlike above the back, wings lowered on either side after the manner of an angry turkey-cock, the other birds crowd round and loudly challenge all and sundry. Then follows the cautious manoeuvring to find an unguarded spot and the almost simultaneous leap into the air, each bird lashing furiously with wings, beak and spur ere it falls panting to the ground, only to repeat the process. And thus the fight goes on till one of the combatants is exhausted — oftentimes so exhausted that you may go and take it with the hand — a mere battered wreck of its former lustrous splendour. Then two others take their places in the ring, or perhaps two or three pairs engage simultaneously in combat, for the martial spirit is strong in the blackcock, and fighting is the breath of life to him in the spring.

It is curious, this habit of herding apart of male and female, blackcock and greyhen, for not only are no hens privileged to view the battles of their lords, but they do not frequent the same feeding ground and roost in different localities. Even when the eggs are laid and the young hatched the male seems to take no share in the rearing of his offspring; at all events, they are seldom, if ever, seen in company. To the deer alone the call of spring is not the call of love, for the rutting season has taken place in the autumn. About the middle of October the stags are at their prime, and roar their challenges across mountain, vale and loch. Especially loud and long resound the deep-throated battle-calls if the mornings be frosty, and, full of the pride of strength in branching horn and shaggy neck, they meet their rivals in terrific onslaught, sometimes killing each other in the violence of their thrusts. Then winter sets in and rigorous cold and scarcity of pasture drive all but the most hardy from the hilltops down to the protecting shelter of the woods which clothe the lower slopes of the mountains. And here the keepers put down maize for them each morning, helping them to eke out a bare existence till the season of plenty comes round once more. The struggle leaves its mark on the animals, and the shaggy, unkempt coat and gaunt appearance contrast strongly with the sleek, rounded form of the previous autumn. In March and April the stags cast their horns, early or late, according to their condition, for the healthier the animal the sooner the horn is shed to make way for the new growth. It would not seem that the process is very painful, though one frequently finds traces of blood on the newly-shed antler; generally the old growth falls to the ground like ripe fruit, severed by the slight jar as the stag trots over uneven country, starts suddenly to sniff the wind, or more forcibly, perhaps, in the clash of horn as two of them spar together.

The new antler, knob-like in form, soon makes its appearance covered with a velvety skin, and the stags become irritable

like children cutting their teeth, for the velvet must be broken and peel off before the growth of the new horn can proceed — a process which is hastened by constant rubbing against the tree trunks. In the meantime, too, the new coat has grown and the old, ragged hair fallen out, and with the greening of the birch trees comes the real call of the spring to the deer, the call to the freedom of the hills, with pure air and water crystal clear, heathery couch and delicate budding pasture to set the blood tingling through their veins in the intense fullness of life.

If you would follow the deer to the hills, it were best to go accompanied by the keeper, for the casual wanderer might, all unwittingly, give considerable trouble. The great brown hillsides



A SPARRING MATCH.

show but few signs of animal life, save for the deer, the mountain hare, red grouse and the whaup; but beside these legitimate inhabitants there is no small population of so-called vermin, both furred and feathered, creatures whose existence is one continuous warfare, and who own no other law than that of tooth and talon, beak and claw. Hooded crows and the great black-backed gull take toll of the grouse's eggs, the daring little sparrow-hawk will stoop at the birds themselves; stoat, weasel and poaching cat spread destruction, and, worst of all, the fox, because of his greater cunning and the range of his operations, will work havoc among the preserves. And in April the vixen has her cubs snugly hidden away in some natural "earth" among the tumbled piles of boulders, unknown to all but herself and the keeper. But should you chance to pass

among those rocks, leaving the taint of your footsteps, that very night the cubs will be transported one by one by the cautious mother to some place of safety perhaps a mile distant, and your light-hearted walk will have cost the keeper days of hard and perhaps fruitless work. Go with him, then, when he makes his first round to unearth the traps which have lain idle throughout

the winter, buried deep beneath the snow, and you will learn much of the habits of the wild creatures it is his duty to destroy, besides seeing the means he adopts to outwit them on their own ground.

Probably the path he will take will lead you up the course of some burn which leaps down a series of rapids, pools and



BY QUIET WATERS.



THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS.

cataracts, carving itself a passage through peaty soil and rocky wall alike in its impetuous haste to reach the loch. Of pure spring water, swollen by melting snow and the drainage of the rainfall of the whole valley, which tinkles in a thousand tiny rills unseen beneath the heather, the burn in spate is the incarnation of force, a mighty volume of water bursting all bonds,

leaping and roaring, irresistibly sweeping aside all barriers in its headlong course, and yet subsiding almost as quickly as it rose with the cessation of supply.

Here I must stop abruptly for lack of space, but next week I will finish the story.

A. J. R. ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)



# COUNTRY HOMES & GARDENS OLD & NEW

## HOLYROOD PALACE.—I. THE SCOTTISH PALACE OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

THE back of the Greek tragic stage was often formed by the façade of "that unhappy palace of the race" of Atreus, or Laius, Minos or Pentheus—one of a doomed and royal line, whose sorrows were the topic of the play. Strange sorrows they were, borrowed by the tragedians of Athens, men at least as civilised as ourselves, from the wild and mournful legends of a dateless antiquity, from a time when gods walked among mortals, bringing death with their light loves, and troubles worse than death with their mysterious rancours and revenges.

In front of the palace the characters of the drama moved; now there were suppliants with holy boughs in their hands praying King (Edipous to redeem the city from some curse without a name, and leading him on to his own nameless doom. Or, again, news was brought concerning a strange fury of the women, who were raging round a beautiful adventurer from an unknown land—a magician who beguiled them with deeds of horror. Then from the palace came King Pentheus, and he, too, followed his fate, till he was torn to shreds by his mother's hands. Or, once more, the multitude waited for King Minos to interpret his own tragedy; for his Queen had borne a babe with horns, hoofs, and a tail, and here, to the modern reader, tragedy seems much more than half way to the land of burlesque. Again, at the palace door, the people watch for the return of Agamemnon from fallen Troy; and his Queen awaits him with strewing of purple carpets, and words of fawning menace, and he enters his own house, and his second-sighted captive girl from Troy hunts a scent of blood in the courtyard and there

is a cry from within, and the Queen in white robes dabbled in blood issues forth and waves the murderous axe of a royal sacrifice.

Or it is Jocasta who listens silently to the talk without, and silently enters within the mysterious door, and again from within there is a cry of wailing slaves. Or one comes forth and tells of the self-sought death of Phædra; for the palace is always the scene where sinister sorrows find their earthly close and strange tangles of Fate are unloosed.

In Scotland, Holyrood Palace always reminds me of those old palaces of old kings in Greece. Holyrood, from 1500, was the home of the doomed Stewart Line. Hither was led the princely bride whom Dunbar welcomed so rapturously, Margaret Tudor, a pledge of peace with England. She brought not peace but a sword, and never did the gates of Holyrood open to receive her lord, James IV., who had fallen like a paladin under the bow and arrows of the countrymen of his wife. To Holyrood James V. brought, for a week's space, the broken heart and bitter shame that, after Solway Moss, killed him in a fortnight. Of the later tragedies, plots, murders, flights, we speak when we come to the days of Mary Stewart. The palace floors have often been wet with the tears of the indignant and passionate heart of a Queen whose subjects threatened to "cut her into collops" and to throw the collops into the courtyard.

The stories are in all the history books; the palace is as tragical as are those of Mycenæ and Thebes and Cnossos, though the house, as we see it, is mainly modern enough



HOLYROOD PALACE AND CHAPEL

(1670-80), and used to smell confoundedly of malt from the neighbouring breweries.

Except the shattered Chapel Royal, once the Abbey Church, and still beautiful despite the ruin wrought by fanatics and foes, nothing at Holyrood is really of mediæval antiquity. King David I., in 1128, founded the Abbey of the Holy Cross, or Holy Rood (Sainte Croix), as he founded those

narrow windows, defensible if need arose. We may see a sketch of "The King of Scots Palas," done for Hertford in his brutal raid of 1544, when he avenged Henry VIII. on the Scots who had fooled and mocked him, as Jack the Giant Killer mocked the huge ogres, when he desired to carry the infant Mary Stewart to England and wed her to that hopeful little husband, the anæmic and evangelical Prince, later Edward VI.



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QUEEN MARY'S BED-CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Dryburgh, Melrose, Kelso and Jedburgh. It was the custom of our kings to settle themselves as guests, to "sorn," in fact, upon the religious of their foundations, as James I. was the guest of the Dominicans of Perth when he was caught and slaughtered by Robert Graham and his Highland accomplices. But, later (1504), various kings, notably James IV., built for themselves a palace beside the Abbey of Holyrood; a strong place it was, with towers and

Mary was not fortunate in the lovers who, from her innocent cradle, were put forward as suitors for her hand. Three of them at least became insane. In this early sketch of 1544 we see in the background the unchanged lion-shape of Arthur's Seat and the frowning profile of Salisbury Crags, and the little chapel, now ruinous, of St. Anthony in a cleft of the hill; and the Abbey Church from which the English invaders, Protestants by that time, later stripped the lead. Hertford "made a jolly

fire," as he complacently wrote, before he left Edinburgh; and how much of the destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings is due to English, how much, later, to Scottish Protestant mischief, is a debated question. To myself it seems that the local Scottish brethren did most of the mischief. In Sir Herbert Maxwell's official "Guide to Holyrood and Its Environs," he says that in 1544 "the beautiful Abbey of Holyrood was laid in ashes" by Hertford's men. If by "the Abbey" the Abbey Church be meant, the assertion cannot be correct, for, as Sir Herbert says, in 1547, when Hertford (now Duke of Somerset) again attacked Edinburgh, he stripped the lead from the roof of the church and carried it away.

Now, if in 1544 the church was laid in ashes, clearly, by 1547, the roof and lead in the roof must have perished. The church, however, after 1547, was in a parlous state, so that £2,000 must have been spent had it been repaired. In 1564, Adam Bothwell (a notorious rogue), Bishop of Orkney,

swopped the temporalities of his See away to Queen Mary's half-brother, Lord Robert Stewart, and sold the choir and transepts of Holyrood Church to speculative contractors. "They made a quarry of all but the nave west of the crossing."

Thus, though the English took the lead off the roof, they left a building which might have been repaired; they did not lay the church in ashes, and the Scots themselves were, as usual, the chief destroyers. "There is no doubt," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the humour of demolishing monuments of ancient piety and munificence, and that in a poor country like Scotland, where there was no chance of their being replaced, was both useless, mischievous and barbarous." *Bien, Très bien!* The tombs of ancient Scottish kings were rifled, the bones were placed in a vault of the nave, and have since been scattered at various periods. Indeed, the skull of Henry Darnley is said to repose in a museum in London. What remained of the church became the parish kirk of the Canongait; then, in 1662, the



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A CEILING WROUGHT BY ENGLISH PLASTERERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ONE OF THE STATE ROOMS

"COUNTRY LIFE."

nave was converted into the Chapel Royal of Charles II. In 1688, the mob attacked the palace, destroyed the fittings of the Chapel Royal (Catholic fittings of James VII.) and tossed about the coffins and bones of the kings. Finally, in 1758, a new roof was placed on the chapel by a very incompetent architect, who managed matters so that in 1768 "the whole fell in with a crash," and next day the mob again conducted themselves in their usual style, once more scattering the Royal relics.

After telling this plain tale we need hardly ask whether the Abbey Church founded by David I. has suffered most from English or Scottish hands. Even now the ruin is beautiful; do not let us "restore" but preserve this monument of ancient piety and art. Turning from the Abbey Church to the Royal residence, we note that Holyrood was not the regular abode of the Royal family when they were in Edinburgh the Castle

was a safer dwelling in wild times. Thither went the Queen of James I. when her lord had been murdered at Perth, and her son, James II., was crowned at Holyrood. He was lodged in the Castle, too, as a boy, when the young Earl of Douglas and his brother were trapped there, and got "the black dinour" of the ballad—were lawlessly executed. Probably James IV., before his marriage to Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., was the first king who built a sufficient family house beside the Abbey Church. The palace was erected against the west side of the cloisters, and, as the sketch of 1544 shows, the tall round towers (wrongly attributed to James V.) closed the view of the town from the west door of the church. The house had a forecourt, with a vaulted gatehouse, demolished by the Philistines of the eighteenth century as early as 1753. Indeed, the north-west tower, with Queen Mary's and Darnley's fatal apartments, is almost all that now survives of the Palace of



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A STATE ROOM FIREPLACE.  
With wood carving by Jan Vansantvoort.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

James IV.; and even that has many internal alterations. During Mary's absence in France, as a child, a young bride and a widow of nineteen, a new wing was added to the palace. Brantôme, the historical gossip, who arrived with her in Edinburgh (August 19th, 1561), speaks of the palace as "Truly a fine building, not smacking at all of the country." The Queen pluckily made the best of the situation, when her priest was mobbed for celebrating Mass in her private chapel; and two or three of her stormy interviews with Knox may have been held in the existing "Audience Chamber." In Knox's reports, he takes—as actors say, or used to say—"all the fat," giving his own discourses at great length, while Mary has only a few lines to speak. Even so, he has not always the better of the argument, for he does not shine when he compares a girl-Queen to the Emperor Nero, or resists her claim to be indulged in liberty of conscience. He usually succeeded in making her cry—which it was easy to do. He would thunder from the pulpit against her for giving a dance on her birthday, and then justify himself, when she said that he ought to have remonstrated in private, if at all, by his absorption in study! "You will not always be at your book," she replied.

Mary was quite defenceless. She had practically not a single friend that was honest, powerful and disinterested. Maitland of Lethington was not honest, nor was the English Ambassador, Randolph; but both had enough of human nature to pity a young Princess exposed to the bad manners of a peasant, a bully and a fanatic, carrying himself like an Elijah in the presence of a Jezebel. Knox and the rest of them, in my opinion, drove Mary out of what she called *mon naturel*, out of her naturally excellent character. Bullied, insulted, tricked by English diplomacy, the young Queen was driven beyond herself; and the demons of hatred and of a lawless love occupied her heart. This fateful Presence Chamber was not burned, like most of Holyrood,

when the palace was occupied by Cromwell's men in the November that followed Worcester fight (September 3rd, 1650), and, though Charles I. made alterations, the reconstructions by order of Charles II. (1672—79) spared Queen Mary's rooms. The ceiling of the Presence Chamber dates itself, as Sir Herbert says, by the armorial blazons made to commemorate the marriage of the girl-Queen with the boy Dauphin, in 1558. The arms of Mary's mother, the hapless Regent, Mary of Guise, the eaglets of Lorraine, are also introduced, with the lilies of France, and the initials of Mary's father-in-law, Henri II., and the dolphin of the Dauphin, and the initials and lion of James V.

The old bed is said to have been that of Charles I. during one of his two visits to his northern capital. In this bed tossed Prince Charles, full of presentiments of ruin, in 1745, and herein snored his cousin, William Duke of Cumberland, on his way from avenging Gledsmuir and Falkirk on the thin, starved ranks of the clans at Culloden. The wooden partition which used to screen off and darken the blood-stained floor where Riccio fell under forty daggers has been removed. Scott held that the partition was of Mary's day, but Sir Herbert Maxwell believes that it may have been as late as the new buildings of 1672—79. The furniture is of the date of Charles I. In this chamber Mary may have sat when the rumour ran through the palace that the Earl of Arran, who madly doted on her, was advancing to seize her person. As Captain of the Scottish Guard in Paris, during her girlhood, he appears to have lost his heart to her; so Knox reports, though he would have married Elizabeth if she had listened to his suit in 1559. In either case he would have been King of Scotland till, in the nature of things, his throat was cut. Years before Mary's second marriage he was a maniac. The Queen had no Guards till after her recovery of as much power as she ever possessed consequent on her escape after the murder of Riccio. In Mary's bedroom the decorations of the ceiling are those of Charles I. and Charles Prince of Wales. If the bed was really Mary's, under it Chastelard hid himself on the first of two enterprises of that sort; the third did not occur, as he was justly decapitated at St. Andrews. He was a Huguenot, and was said to have been sent over by his party to discredit the Queen. Perhaps, as he was also a minor poet, he merely "behaved as such." The Holyrood portraits of Mary are not, in my opinion, authentic; one more resembles Mary Tudor. "Nowhere is tradition less trustworthy than at Holyrood," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, and to say this is to say a great deal. But the closet called "Queen Mary's Supper Room" is undeniably the scene of the little gathering of four or five people—Mary, Riccio, Lady

Argyll, Arthur Erskine and Lord Robert Stuart—into which broke the angry but timid face of Darnley and the pale mask of the dying Ruthven. It appears that Arthur Erskine, and perhaps Mary's brother, took hold of Ruthven, who drew his dagger, crying, "Handle me not, for I will not be handled." Then came Morton, that burly red fox, and his men, passing through the Queen's Bed Chamber, and the bloody Postulant, George Douglas, and that ruffianly elder of the Kirk, Ker of



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A DOORWAY IN THE STATE SUITE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Faldonside and the murderous throng of Douglasses and Douglas's men. The table was overturned in the seizing of Riccio, Lady Argyll caught a candlestick as it fell; in the wavering light the Italian was dragged forth, and forty thirsty poniards drank his blood. He fell at the outer door of the Presence Chamber, and Ruthven, sitting down before the Queen, called for a drink of wine. The Queen was to be a mother within three months, and her survival was probably a cross to the crew of miscreants.

This was on March 9th. In the midnight hour of March 11th Mary was galloping with her recreant lord to Dunbar to safety, and to so much of revenge as was yielded by the flight of Ruthven and his accomplices to England. Mr. Knox sped to Kyle in dread and discontent. The well-organised plot had failed; Darnley found that he had been a mere catspaw; and Mary had moulded him to her will. He betrayed all his accomplices, and, as to himself, lied and was not believed.

It was mainly to the energy of Bothwell, who escaped from Holyrood after the murder and raised the country, that Mary owed her triumph. She had, a month earlier, married Bothwell to Lady Jane Gordon, and the reprobate, strange to say, was in love with his bride! If we trust the verses and letters said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell later, there is no doubt about his preference of his wedded wife to the Queen who wooed him. He was accomplished, he had been loyal, he *seemed* strong; she adored strength, courage and loyalty; she had no friend at once loyal, brave and powerful; she was infatuated, she hated Darnley, and she was lost.

Darnley's behaviour, private and public, caused her a bodily malady (she nearly died at Jedburgh in October) and brought her endless agony of mind. Her chief advisers promised to find a remedy, "and your Grace shall see nothing but good and approved of by Parliament," said the crafty Lethington. Darnley was intriguing to seize the baby Prince; Darnley was trying to set foreign Powers against Mary. What remedy could the wit of Lethington devise?

Here an impenetrable cloud falls over the scene. We know that while Darnley had smallpox at Glasgow he insulted Mary when she offered to visit him. We know that Lethington and Bothwell had devised a plan into which Morton refused to come without Mary's order in writing, which she did not give.



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OVERDOORS IN ANTE-ROOM.

"C.L."



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ROOM WITH PORTRAIT BY VAN DER GOES.

"C.L."

We know that Mary did bring Darnley from Glasgow to the remote, lonely and dilapidated house of Kirk of Field, that she left him on a Sunday night to grace the wedding of two of her people in Holyrood; we know that Bothwell left Holyrood about midnight, and that, before the dawn, the Kirk of Field house was blown up by gunpowder and Darnley slain; *how* no man can tell.

Few and evil were Mary's later days at Holyrood. A Greek tragedian would have said that the Eumenides, for Darnley's sake, pursued her and her accomplices, dragging Lethington, Morton and Bothwell through mire and misery to evil deaths; dogging Argyll and Huntly; furies never satiated till the axe fell at Fotheringhay. All were infatuate, all combined to do an evil deed with inexplicably needless circumstances of brutality and publicity. The truth is that the Scots, like the contemporary Spaniards, did not know how to obtain poison or to use it when obtained. Yet the enemies of Darnley could have carried out what Darnley's father, Lennox, believed to be their original scheme. They could have arrested him on very plausible, perhaps even true, charges of treason; killed him if he resisted, and, if he did not, a man might chance to die in prison, like the Duke of Rothesay long ago, and little moan made. The explanation of the brutal, blind plan adopted seems to be that *someone concerned was in a violent hurry*.

The most poignant historical associations of Holyrood attach themselves to the tragic and moving figure of the doomed Mary Stewart. Fate placed her in an *impasse*; in Lethington's words, "she could find no outgait." It is to be thought that remorse never ceased to fret a character so loyal as hers naturally was. She chose the Penitent Thief for her patron before

her death. Holyrood saw other tragedies. Here, in the Council Chamber, on December 29th, 1580, the Captain of the Guard of James VI. entered, knelt before the boy King and branded Morton with guilt in Darnley's murder. He died under "The Maiden," a plain but serviceable guillotine of his own introduction. According to Sir Herbert Maxwell this engine (which is worth seeing in the National Museum of Antiquaries in Queen Street) also served in the case of the Marquis and Earl of Argyll (1661-85). James VI. frequently dwelt at Holyrood. Here Bothwell (nephew of the other Bothwell) tried to capture him by main force in 1592. In 1593, by aid of the Countess of Atholl, daughter of that Earl of Gowrie (a Ruthven) who had been justly decapitated for treason, Bothwell actually caught James, and forced from him concessions which did no good to this madcap earl. It was in Holyrood that James, in 1603, received from Carey the ring which was a token of the death of Elizabeth. Carey had ridden from the dawn of a Thursday to the midnight of a Saturday with the tidings. James returned, in 1617, "with a salmon-like instinct," as he said; but his decoration of the Chapel Royal gave great offence. He did not see why he might not have effigies of the Apostles, he said, while the nobles had effigies of all sorts of dragons and griffins, but he was compelled to give way.

In 1633 came Charles I. to be crowned. "Ain honest man with ain kairt and horse" was appointed as temporary scavenger. Charles gave endless offence to Presbyterians, and during his woeful residence in Holyrood in 1641 the mysterious "Incident" had destroyed any attempts at gaiety, and the King's match at golf was spoiled by news of the Irish massacre.

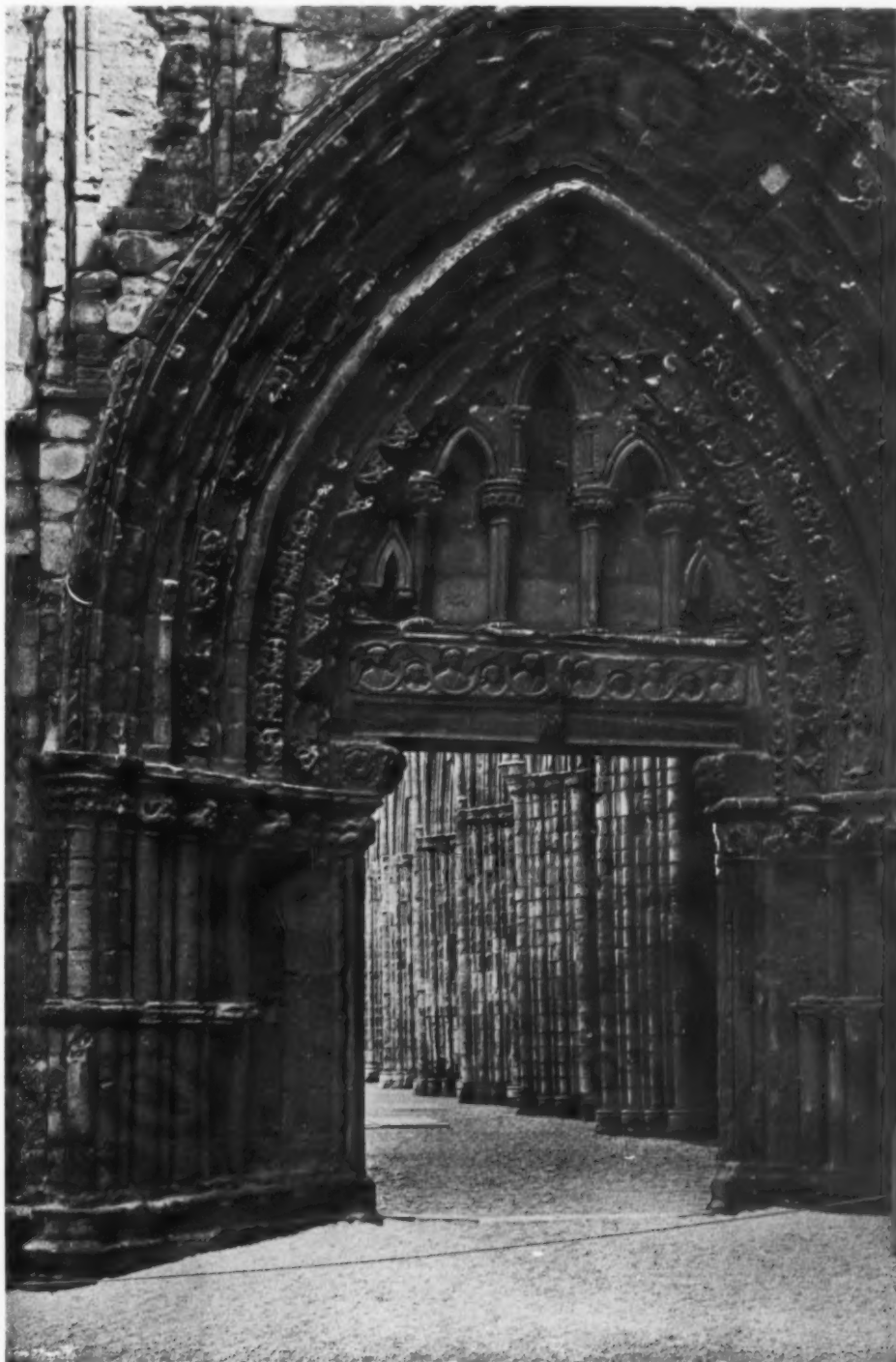
Burned in 1650, the Palace was restored by Cromwell, while under Charles II. (1671-79) it assumed, with few differences, its present aspect. It was Charles II. (never wholly serious, I am sorry to say) who bequeathed to Holyrood the Picture Gallery; or, at least, to be fair, the pictures were arranged for before his death. Had the good King seen them he would have laughed consumedly. The great gallery itself was built under Charles II. for a Council Chamber, and used by his brother, the Duke of York, as a Catholic Chapel. The portraits, quite imaginary, of kings very unsubstantial (Josina, 169 B.C.; Rtuherus, 231 B.C.; Conad Cerr, who held the Dalriadic throne for three months, "about 607") are, I think, about a hundred and eleven in number, and were knocked off by the pitiable James de Witt, in two years, at about two pounds per king. At the time (1684) there was no painter in Scotland fit to do a portrait of Mary of Modena, and de Witt, quite unequal to that task, was himself a Dutchman. Presbyterian government did not favour the fine arts, and Mr. Carlyle wished that the devil would fly away with them: if he flew away with de Witt's works of art, or if they were sold to America, the amateur would be consolable.

The gallery is said to have been the scene of a great ball given by Prince Charles, but a contemporary says that, though asked to give one, he declined, saying that he was going "where balls were plenty," but would do all that could be desired if he returned victorious. Sir Herbert Maxwell good-naturedly gives the ball on September 17th, 1745, the day when the Prince actually entered "that unhappy palace of his race." After the

victory of Prestonpans he did hold Drawing Rooms, but is said to have been very cold towards his fair adherents. "These are my beauties!" he said, pointing to a gigantic bearded Highland sentry.

But it is of the Prince that we think, after Queen Mary, in Holyrood, and, if I am not mistaken, at the parties of the High Commissioner to the General Assembly, an American lady has confessed "a great inclination to cry" when "Will ye no come back again!" was played.

I do not know anything sadder than the last letter of the Prince from Holyrood to his father. He has no



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DOORWAY OF HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

illusions, sheer destruction is before his eyes. "I hope to have one stroke for't," he says, and he was not permitted to have one stroke. His plan was to march on old Wade in Northumberland, and Wade he would have routed in a quarter of an hour. The chiefs would not accept his strategy; they would march by the West into the heart of England, and return without a "stroke for't." Nobody knows all the worst of Prince Charles better than I do, but, at Holyrood, he was a true prince of romance; brave, beautiful, clement, considerate and victorious. The doom of his House lay heavy upon him. "Wae's me for

Prince Charlie!" The man who after Culloden forbade Lochgarry to ambush the Duke of Cumberland, set a sportsmanlike example very rare, if not unique. Holyrood, with its very low site, was reckoned unwholesome even in

Queen Mary's time, indeed, since the thirteenth century. In 1903 the sanitary condition of the place prevented King Edward from holding his Court where James IV. "revelled and drank deep."

ANDREW LANG.

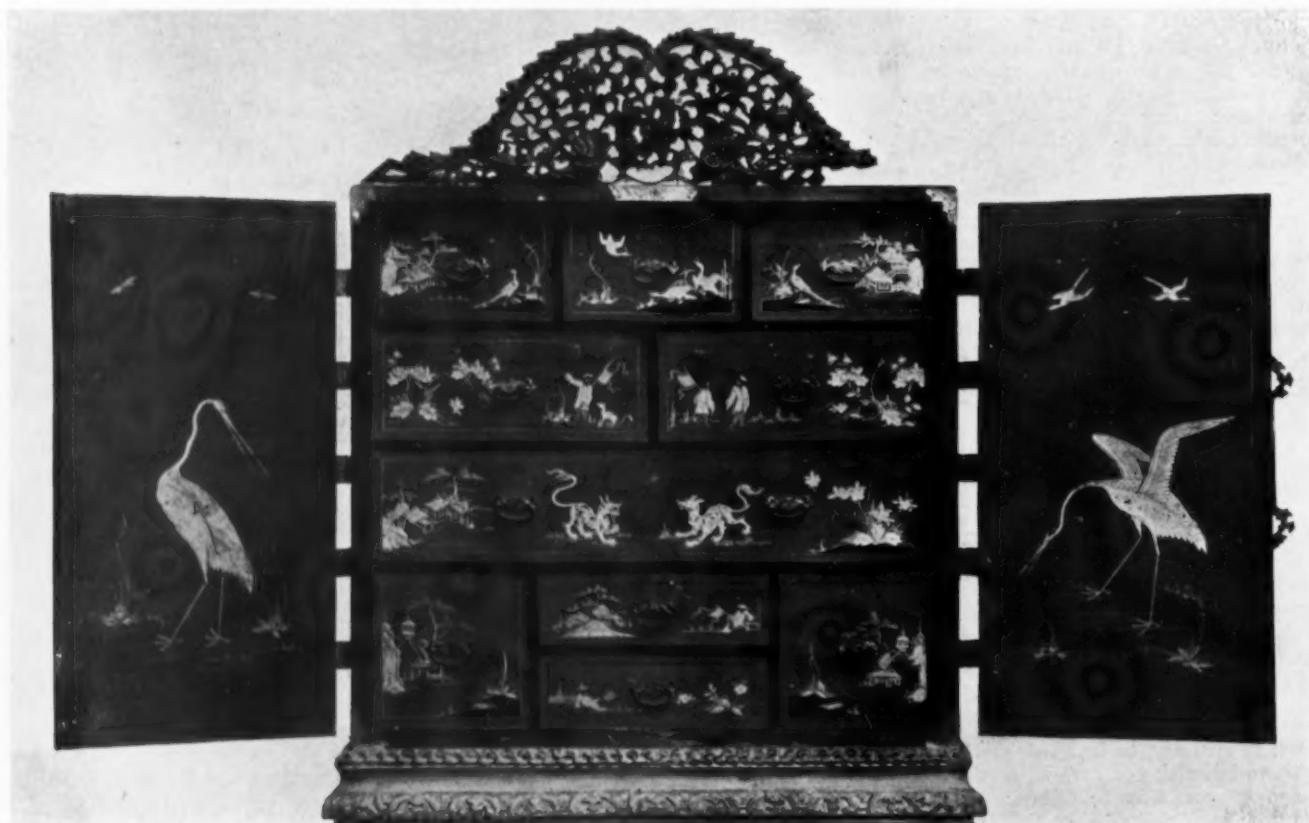
## FURNITURE OF THE XVII. & XVIII. CENTURIES.

### LACQUER FURNITURE AT COPPED HALL.

THE fine examples of lacquer furniture that Mr. Wythes has lately introduced at Copped Hall thoroughly well carry out the decorative traditions of a house where one of the great first-floor reception-rooms has on its walls a well-preserved example of the Chinese pictorial papers that were imported into England during the second half of the eighteenth century. That at Copped Hall represents the pleasures of China, and is similar to one at Coker Court, whereas that at Ramsbury Manor depicts the industries of the Celestial Empire. This type of Chinese paper, unlike those with flower and bird decoration, does not appear to have reached England until long after the introduction of Oriental lacquer gave rise to the word "japanning" as applied to the European imitations of this craft. Lacquer reached Europe through the East India trade, and was, anyhow at first, much more largely in the hands of the Dutch than of the English Company. A merchant fleet reaching Holland from the Indies in 1664 brought 101 Japan cabinets among its treasures. But the English merchants soon followed in the wake of their Dutch brethren, and Evelyn speaks of the lacquered panels, "representing the manner of living and the country of the Chinese," which he saw in a rich merchant's villa at Lea in 1679. By that date lacquer was a very fashionable decorative medium, and numerous cabinets were imported from the East, while others were made and decorated in Europe. Many of them still retain the elaborate stands in carved and gilt wood that were made for them both in England and on the Continent during the second half of the seventeenth century, and those at Stoke Edith and at Sherborne Castle have appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* in recent times. The example of which a coloured picture is now given is a particularly fine one and very well preserved. The ground of the cabinet is a rich crimson red, the colour being quite fresh on the inside, and by no means seriously faded even on the outer sides of the doors. Here are depicted sportsmen and dogs in pursuit of a bird far bigger than themselves, while the ladies of the family inside the house are keenly interested in what is about to happen. On each of the sides of the

cabinet is a large single figure, the one of a female sitting under a tree, the other of a warrior holding a banner. The inner sides of the doors show the same big scale of drawing. A great crane appears on each, drawn with much freedom and naturalness, and quite in the manner of Japanese art. On the other hand, the drawers, of which there are ten, have many distinct and independent designs of considerable elaboration and minuteness. There are dragons looking at each other, several little landscapes with trees and buildings, plants in full bloom, a composition of wild geese, and one or two groups of human figures. All this is carried out in gold lacquer with slight relief, and heightened in effect with a certain amount of black and of brown.

The cabinet is three feet two inches wide and three feet high, while the stand on which it is placed is three feet two inches high. The latter is not of the usual Charles II. type, and is far more likely to be Italian than English. Yet, although highly ornamented, it shows rather more reserve than was general in Italy at a time when the Barocca style was at its height. It has six legs joined together by stretchers of much the same character that was customary in England under Charles II. and William III. Amorini and birds are used, together with scrollwork, for its decoration. Two birds sit on the stretchers, while others with outspread wings fill the spaces between the upper part of the legs, and have amorini riding on them. A very curious and interesting bit of woodwork serves as a cresting to the cabinet. Tradition says that this top was always with the cabinet, but never stood on it. It seems, however, to exactly fit it, except that one end has been broken and lost. Here, again, birds appear among the scrollwork, in this case in the act of feeding their young in nests. But there are also three subjects that include the human form. In the centre is a figure in Roman armour toying with an eagle. On the one side is Neptune in his chariot, with dolphin-tailed horses and boys blowing conch shells. On the other is Phaeton furiously driving the horses of the Sun, while that luminary looks on at him placidly. There is nothing in this that at all resembles the decorative ideas of Grinling Gibbons that dominated England towards the



THE RED LACQUER CABINET OPEN.



RED LAC CABINET ON GILT STAND  
(Temp. Charles II.)

ENGLISH FURNITURE  
Of the 17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
E. J. WYTHES, Esq.

1701

close of the seventeenth century, and, like the stand, the cresting is very likely to be a product of Italy.

As regards the little cabinet surmounted by a broken pediment, which is also illustrated, it has something of the form, although on a minute scale, of the *escritoire* bookcases fashionable about 1700 both in England and Holland. Such lacquered pieces were sometimes wholly made and completed in Europe, sometimes made in Europe and sent to China for decoration through the East India Companies, and sometimes both made and lacquered in the East from designs sent out.

The chairs that are illustrated are of a type well known as English, but having its counterpart both in Holland and in Portugal. They have the cabriole leg with ball and claw foot, and with the shell ornament on the knee that was so usual in Queen Anne's reign. But the seat and the spaces in the back between the frame and the splat are of fine canework, and that is a hint that they may be the product of a Portuguese workshop, for canework did not commend itself to the English designers of this type of chair as it had done to those of the Charles II. and William III. periods. Amsterdam and Lisbon had for long close commercial relations, while the political and mercantile connection between Portugal and England, which began with Charles II.'s marriage, was particularly strong in the reign of his younger niece. There will have been exchange of furniture and of furniture designs as of other commodities. Hence much general similarity with slight differences in detail of both form and workmanship. In the case of the chairs at Copped Hall, the similarity is more marked than the difference, and it is perhaps well not to pontificate on the land of origin. The whole of the woodwork is lacquered, an art which was, as we know, much practised in England in Queen Anne's reign both by professionals and amateurs. If the chairs are English, they are early examples of the ball and claw leg, and of the back with shaped splat, for stretchers as well as canework became unfashionable after the first years of the eighteenth century.

T.

## CARDOONS.

**W**HY the average gardener should be so chary of growing cardoons is always something of a mystery, for they are comparatively easy to cultivate and a most succulent and esculent vegetable. But gardeners are the most conservative of mortals, and as keen on tradition as the Duke of Norfolk. The cardoon is nearly allied to the artichoke, which, however, it little resembles in appearance, being more of the celery nature to look at, and even in flavour it is more like the latter than the former. Of course, the cardoon is really a thistle.

Here is a recipe for cardoons with cheese. Cut six peeled cardoons into one-inch lengths. Stew them in sufficient good stock



A TWO-TIERED CABINET OF SMALL SIZE.

to cover them, continue stewing until quite tender, season with pepper, salt and a pinch of sweet herbs, add a squeeze of lemon. Then thicken with an ounce of flour, the same of butter, the flour having been previously browned in a frying-pan. Place the whole in an earthenware dish, well heated, and sprinkle lavishly with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake it in a hot oven and serve at once. The stalks of the cardoon should always be blanched before using. Their flower-heads are much smaller than those of the artichoke, and not as mellow in flavour. Still, they are not to be despised. It is as well to remove the prickles with a flannel or otherwise.

Another way of cooking cardoons delectably is as follows: Cut them into strips an inch or so in length, and place them in a saucepan with some lard, a cut-up slice of ham, a chopped carrot and onion, two cloves and a bunch of sweet herbs. Add three thin slices of lemon, removing the rind and the pips. Add a wineglassful of water, a little pepper and a fair amount of salt. When the mixture boils, thicken it with flour mixed with a walnut of butter. Let all this simmer gently until thoroughly tender, then serve on a very hot dish.

There are seven or eight varieties of cardoon, of which the best has leaves with practically no spines, the stalk being solid, and for choice the smaller kinds are to be preferred to the larger, which are apt to be coarse and of a more vulgar flavour. The ordinary nursery gardener if asked to supply cardoons will, as a rule, send the Spanish variety, which is good in its way, but not equal in savour to the "Tours" cardoon, which is quite the best from a culinary point of view. It has spines along the back, which require removing with care, but the trouble is amply repaid, because it has a better and more flavoursome stalk than any other kind. Other varieties are the Marseilles, the Puviss and the Auxerre.

Cardoons have been known in England for a couple of centuries, but never fully appreciated. Old Mrs. Rundell recommended them many years ago, and her instructions as to cooking them may very well be followed nowadays. Cut them into lengths of four to five inches and drop them into boiling water, into which a lemon has been squeezed. Keep them boiling until the outer woolly skin will rub off on a flannel. Drain them carefully and put them into cold water. When they have quite



LACQUERED CHAIRS OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

cooled, scrape them and take off the stringy skin. Fill an earthenware pan (a casserole for choice) with boiling water, add pepper and salt and a good-sized slice of raw bacon, cutting the rind in strips; add a bunch of sweet herbs and then the cardoons. Simmer gently and continuously

till tender—a matter of two hours or more. Drain again, and warm up in a strong brown sauce. Lemon juice is always a good addition to cardoons, which have a special and individual flavour of their own that is excellent and novel to the jaded palate.

FRANK SCHLOSSER.

## ON THE SHANNON.

"SHURE, a gintleman may be coming to Oireland and not getting the fish, but a gintleman'll niver be coming to Oireland and not getting the shport." That is the spirit of gallant optimism in which the representative of the Scottish gillie, as he is to be found in Ireland, greets the Saxon visitor who is disposed, with some little petulance, to be bewailing his fate if the fish will not fix themselves confidingly to his hooks. It is the spirit which pervades the whole atmosphere of that distressful yet delightful country, soft and humid, where the glorious Shannon goes through the woods and pastures of surprisingly vivid green to lose itself in the Western Atlantic. It is a singularly infectious spirit, and after a time it seldom fails to take possession of the Saxon visitor too, though at his first coming, by the inadequate help of trains that seem in no special hurry to reach their destination, and in the midst of minor tribulations, the spirit that is apt to possess him for a while is anything rather than that of optimism. But he yields infallibly to the *genius loci* unless he is of singularly unimpressible, unmalleable stuff.

The Shannon is a spring river, as what Irish river is not? It is really a misfortune of the country that it should be so lacking in autumn salmon-fishing. But the fish that run fresh up from the sea in the spring are both beautiful and big, and certainly there are none better in the world for table. It has been said, and the writer has to admit sharing in what may after all be but a fanciful impression—the circumstances are hard to compare—that the fish of the Shannon and the Irish rivers do not perhaps play you with that dash and energy that are shown by the salmon even of Scotland, and still more by fish coming from colder waters again. It is a rule which seems to hold generally good that the fish have the more vigour the colder the water they come from, and probably this Western Atlantic as it washes Ireland has a warming admixture of the Gulf Stream. It seems bound to be less tonic for the fish than some others. However, the Shannon fish are good enough for most people. Now there is one hint that may be given to any amateur of salmon-fishing who does not happen to have been on this river before, but has heard extolled (as who has not?)

the virtue of the Castle Connell rods. Let him not think it essential that because he is going to fish on the Shannon he should therefore provide himself at once with a Castle Connell rod. That curiously-balanced instrument, though it is so effective in the hands of an expert, is apt to be a snare and delusion in those of one who has not been brought up to its ways. It is quickly evident what those ways are—very yielding and very heavy in the upper parts by comparison with the thin and light butt. It is necessary to wait a long while on that rod's caprice before it is ready to be brought forward again after the swing back. What marvels can be done with it has been shown by Messrs. Enright and, in less degree, by many others who are to the Castle Connell manner born; but as for the rest of the world, those who have been brought up with the weapons of Scottish and English makers in their hands, they will do far better to stick to their thick-butted old friends. You can catch many of these splendid fish that you see running up under the bridge with your ordinary rod, though the native may perhaps beat you at the game. But that is not because his rod is any better, but by reason of his knowledge of the river and what its salmon want.

There seems to be a sense of insecurity in many things to the visitor on his first coming to Ireland, and not least in his balance and foothold in that boat of the native people which they call "cott." However, it is not as unstable as a coracle, nor will you put your foot through its bottom with the ease with which this slight *contretemps* occurs in the bark canoes of some countries; but when you are playing a salmon hard and they are getting you to the bank you are thankful enough when you arrive on the firm earth. Your men will be adepts at their work, but they will forget in the excitement of the moment that you are not equally adept and able to keep your feet, and your head, while the ship is dancing over the wavelets and the currents at all sorts of angles. But the keenest sense of insecurity of all that you are likely to experience is on your first glance at that wonderful weapon which the native calls his "gaff." It is long, very long, and crooked as you please in the shaft, which has a spring in it such as you might admire



FISHING FROM A COTT.

in a golf club; and as for the head and hook of the gaff, it is well enough fashioned, and its point is kept dangerously sharp, but its attachment to the shaft is by some string carelessly coiled and knotted round it and with all the appearance of having worked very loose. If you draw the owner's attention to it, he disarms you by some of the genial optimism which he has ready on tap for this as for all the other changes and chances of life, and by dipping the head into the water to soak the string a little. After that, he declares that it is fit and able for dragging from the waters of the Shannon any fish that ever swam in it.

And is he not right? Are not these fellows with their most unpromising-looking gaffs the most wonderful gaffers in the world? It does not seem to them to matter how deep the fish is in the water, nor how fast he is going—give them but a chance at him at all and they will have him out. They would put the ordinary Scottish gillie to shame at the game; and as to how it is played, especially with these long and springy instruments, that must always, we should suppose, remain a dark mystery to the mere amateur who has probably made a very considerable bungle of the few attempts at "fancy gaffing" which have come in his way. These men are all "fancy gaffers"—they do not seem to think it is playing the game to wait for what we should call the sure stroke. They are all for "having a dash," and it is wonderful how seldom their dash misses. Of course, the reason of their skill is not far to seek. Like other expertness of its kind, this comes of practice, life-long practice, and practice, though they will not, naturally, avow it to you, an alien, at fish which are not always held even in any moderate degree of steadiness for them while they make the stroke, but at fish which are swimming quite free, with no hook at all in their jaws—fish to which it is almost impossibly hard to make the Irishman, to the poaching manner born, realise that he has not as good a right as any living person, seeing that they dwell



FRESH FROM THE SEA.

in the river which goes down beside his holding. Of course, you may tell stories without end, most of them with a strong family likeness to each other, about fishing adventures on the Shannon, such as the "Cut the line, yer honour," as the fish, having taken out all the line on the reel, bolts under the bridge, and "his honour," obedient to the magnetism which the native in his own land always exercises, cutting the line accordingly and the gillie gaffing it out below the bridge, holding the salmon till the angler comes round and running the line in through the rings and attaching it again to the reel with an insecurity that would infallibly be fatal in any other country in the world, but which there results in the salmon being finally brought to gaff. This and the like may be told; but whatever your story on the Shannon, it always seems to come back in the end to the same *motif*, the glory of the native gillie, and that, no doubt, is a right and pleasant ending.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### NEW ROSES OF THE YEAR.

TAKEN as a whole the present year cannot be regarded as a brilliant one so far as new Roses are concerned, at least from raisers in this country. It is true that as many, if not more, new seedlings have been exhibited, but the majority of these did not possess sufficient good points to warrant the judges granting them awards. At the National Rose Society's metropolitan exhibition, held at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, two new varieties only received the highest award, viz., a gold medal, and these both came from the Emerald Isle and both were of that ever-increasing class—the Hybrid Teas. Of these two Mrs. Sam Ross was the most distinct from existing varieties, the medium-sized, globular flowers being a mixture of pale buff and light flesh pink, with rich old gold shading at the bases of the petals. The flowers were also fragrant. The other was named Mrs. R. Draper. This is a large, full and broad-petalled flower, the interior of the segments being silvery pink and the exterior rich carmine pink. It is a very fragrant Rose. At the same exhibition silver-gilt medals were awarded to *Danæ* and *Souvenir of Portland*, Oregon. The first-named, which was raised and exhibited by the president of the society, the Rev. J. H. Pemberton, is a perpetual-flowering cluster Rose, the buds and half-opened blossoms being a pleasing shade of golden yellow, the fully blown flowers changing to creamy white. Owing to its perpetual-flowering trait this Rose will prove a valuable addition to existing varieties of this section. The second is a beautiful Rose of glowing crimson colour, the flower being conical in form, with daintily reflexed petals. It is very fragrant and is said to retain its colour well in bright sunshine. If it does this it will prove valuable for both garden and exhibition purposes. Among the varieties that received cards of commendation two were of outstanding merit, viz., *British Queen* and *Ethel*. The former is a large, pure white Hybrid Tea of delicious fragrance, the petals being much reflexed and adding not a little to the beauty of the flowers. *Ethel* belongs to the *wichuraiana* section, its semi-double flowers being a most charming shade of soft rose pink. These, in common with most other varieties of this class, are produced in large clusters, and for decorative purposes this Rose has a

brilliant future before it. At the Royal Horticultural Society's Olympia exhibition earlier in the week a Hybrid Tea named Mrs. E. Allen received an award of merit. It is a buff and orange coloured flower of conical form and is also fragrant. It is a good sign of the times that hybridists are now giving more attention to the fragrance of Roses, a point that was at one time in danger of being lost sight of.

F. W. H.

### ROBINIA KELSEYII.

This showy Robinia was only introduced from America a few years ago, but already it has found many friends on account of its delicate foliage and showy flowers. The blossoms most closely resemble those of the Rose *Acacia*, *Robinia hispida*, in colour, though scarcely so large, for they are of a delicate shade of rose. The species is, however, nothing like the Rose *Acacia* in habit, for, with a little attention to pruning and staking, it seems as if it will grow into a small tree. Its leaves are smaller and the leaflets finer than those of most Robinias, while its inflorescences are produced quite as freely as those of any other kind, and plants commence to bloom when but a year or two old. Fruits are set freely, and they are conspicuous owing to the fact that they are covered with stiff, glandular, brownish purple bristles. As a rule it is grafted on to roots of the common False *Acacia*, *Robinia Pseudacacia*, and this may account for the plants commencing to flower when so young. *R. Kelseyii* is just the sort of tree to plant as an isolated specimen on a lawn. It ought, however, to be given a position where it will be sheltered from rough winds, for, like other Robinias, the branches are brittle.

D.

### THE NAMAQUALAND DAISY.

Although introduced to this country in 1902, the beautiful hardy annual known as the Namaqualand Daisy (*Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*) is only just finding its way even into the best gardens in the country. Shortage of seed has no doubt been the cause of this, but, happily, there is now sufficient to meet a very large demand. Although new varieties of annual flowers are put into commerce in large quantities each year, the introduction of a new, useful and beautiful species is sufficiently rare to arouse more than passing interest among those who love their gardens. The colour of the flowers of this new annual is

rich, glowing, golden orange, with a beautiful glossy surface to the petals, the black central disc tending to heighten this colour. Although I have read many descriptions of this new flower, I have never seen any reference to the jet black blotch which is present at the base of each petal. This is not noticeable unless the flower is closely examined, but it is an interesting feature that ought not to be overlooked. Unfortunately, like other members of this genus, the flowers only open in sunshine, and for this reason a sunny position should be chosen. This year the writer sowed a packet of seeds in a cold frame in March, and the seedlings were planted out during the second week in May. Almost immediately they commenced to flower, and will, apparently, continue to do so throughout the whole summer. For a sunny spot in the rock garden this charming little annual would be ideal, its dwarf and branching habit lending itself well to such a position. In shape the flowers are almost identical with those of the beautiful Transvaal Daisy (*Gerbera Jame-sonii*), which, unfortunately, is not quite hardy in many parts of this country. No doubt, seeds of the Namaqualand Daisy could be sown in the open towards the end of April, as they germinate easily and quickly. The plants stand drought well, and are valuable for light, sandy soil in which many other kinds will not grow.

#### A NEW DWARF POLYANTHA ROSE.

Although not so universally grown as many other types, the dwarf Polyantha Roses have their value in the Rose garden. Without them it would be difficult to find varieties sufficiently dwarf and free-flowering for planting by the margins of beds and borders and in other places where vegetation of a lowly character only can be admitted. In addition to their value for these purposes the newer varieties are admirably adapted for growing in quantity in large beds. Unfortunately, until quite recent years the drawback to the red varieties of this section was the magenta-blue tint that showed itself all too conspicuously in the flowers as soon as they were subjected to bright sunshine. This has now been overcome by the introduction of a charming variety named *Jessie*, a Rose which has flowers of bright, glowing rose crimson that even the most scorching sun does not fade. This new-comer has all the good traits of the race, inasmuch as it is exceptionally free-flowering, continues in bloom over a long period and is dwarf yet robust. It was first exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Temple Show in 1909, when it received an award of merit, and since then

it has doubtless found its way into many gardens. Those who do not already possess it should note this Rose as one to add to their collection, preferably in quantity, next autumn. H.

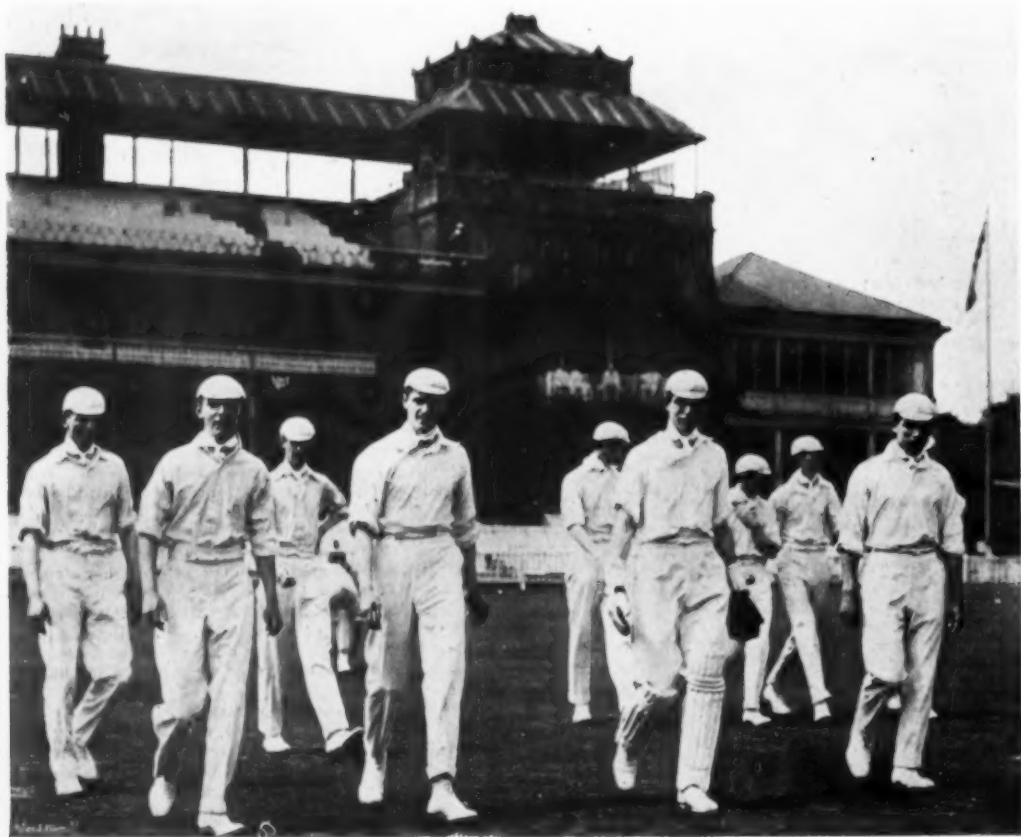
## ETON V. HARROW.

THE finish of the Eton and Harrow match was as exciting as heart could desire, though it must naturally suffer a little by comparison with the Homeric struggle of last year. Yet several times on Saturday afternoon it seemed as if

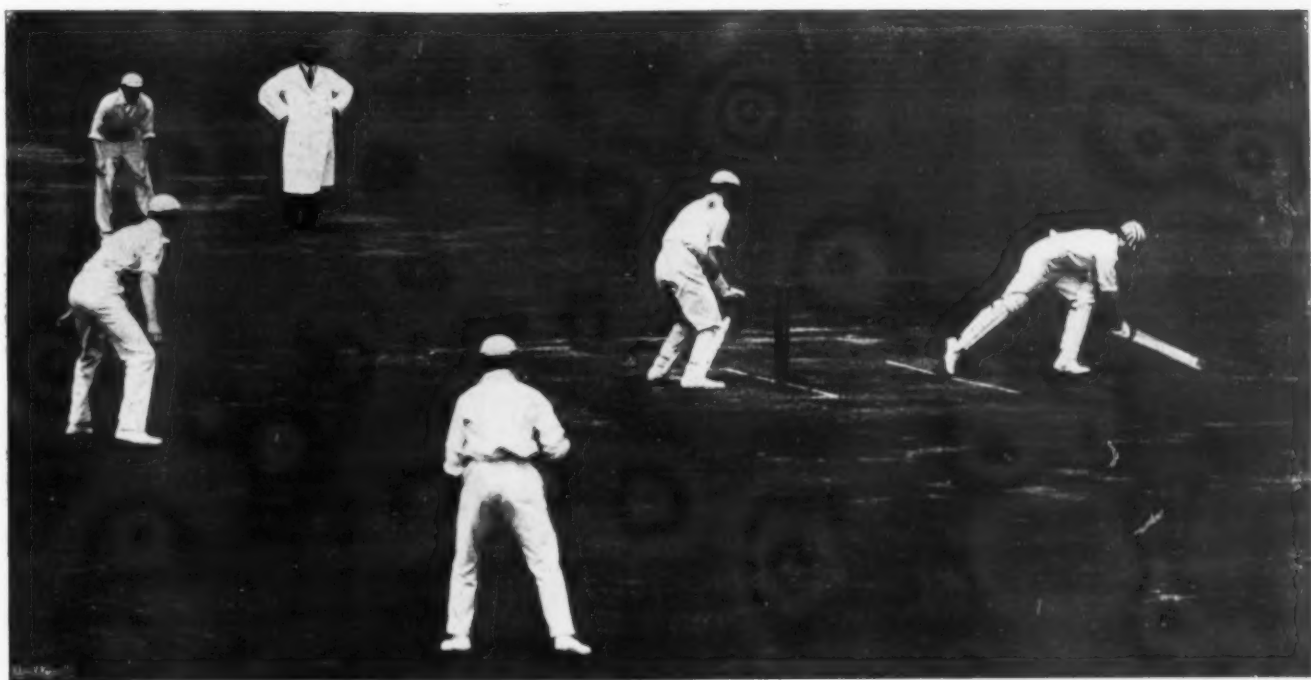


HARROW LEAVING THE PAVILION.

Harrow were to snatch a victory every whit as brilliant as was Eton's in 1910. Many Etonians must have suffered an almost continuous agony of apprehension from the moment when, with the total at 7, Mr. Holland's wicket was bowled down, till Mr. Boswell got the ball safely away on the off-side for the two runs that were wanted. One supporter of Eton at least can testify that it needed all his resolution to sit still in his seat, listening to the triumphant roar of cheering from the Harrow stand and watching the waving of dark blue handkerchiefs as one after the other the light blue champions went sadly back to the Pavilion. One hundred and twelve runs on a perfect wicket should not need any vast amount of getting, but it is always hard work to get the runs in the last innings, and from the moment that Mr. Holland was bowled there seemed to be a feeling in the air that Eton would have to work very hard, nay, that they stood upon the brink of a tragedy. And a tragedy there very nearly was, for Harrow rose to the occasion most nobly. They were said to have no bowling; but in that last innings Mr. De Jongh's fast bowling from the pavilion was very good indeed. He got three wickets, and once or twice he came within an



ETON TAKE THE FIELD.



MR. GREGSON BOWLED.

ace of getting a fourth, and that the most valuable wicket of all, Mr. Tufnell's. As it was, Mr. Tufnell, who was captain of the Eton side, was also its saviour, for he made 54 runs out of the 112 scored. He came in at a moment to test the strongest nerves, for the first two Eton wickets had fallen very cheaply, and he had in addition the personal anxiety born of the fact that he had been bowled first ball in the first innings. Yet he played from the first most valiantly; many better innings have doubtless been played, but seldom a more serviceable or courageous one.

This last innings was a curious one to watch, since, although one could not but feel that Eton were in serious jeopardy, yet each new batsman played confidently and looked as if he meant to stay in. After the first two wickets were down, Mr. Wigan stuck while Mr. Tufnell hit, and all seemed well again. Then Mr. Wigan, who seemed as steady as a rock, was bowled, and in came Mr. Campbell. He in his turn batted for a while beautifully, and is clearly a very good batsman indeed, and worthy

of his great innings against Winchester. Runs came steadily; the Etonian spectators settled down more comfortably in their seats, the Harrovians looked glum, the tension was beginning to be relaxed, when crash! went Mr. Campbell's wicket. Once more the whole match was in the melting-pot, and anything might happen. Something did happen very soon, for Mr. Mulholland was stumped. Eton had lost five wickets, and were still some way from home. Mr. Steel was infinitely reassuring with his obvious confidence and one or two beautiful strokes; but all too soon he put his leg in front of a straight ball from Mr. De Jongh and out he went. After this every ball was an unspeakable agony to watch, even though Mr. Boswell, who was one of the heroes of the Eton second innings last year, played coolly and well. Slowly the score mounted till it reached 107, and then, in trying for a second run, Mr. Tufnell was run out. He hesitated for a fraction of a second and was lost; but, even so, it was a fine piece of fielding by the Harrovians. Now there were four runs to get, and, heaven be praised!



THE END OF THE MATCH—JOY ON THE ETON STAND.

Mr. Boswell and Mr. Freeman-Thomas got them, and at length the pent-up feelings of the Eton stand found vent in one wild shriek and a stampede for the Pavilion.

If the events of this last innings are too markedly insisted on, to the exclusion of other good things, the enthusiasm of victory must be forgiven; but, at the same time, it must be said most emphatically that if the victory went to Eton, at

least half the credit of the match belongs to Harrow. Especially have they a very fine batsman in Mr. Wilson and an admirable wicket-keeper in Mr. Blount. They were not supposed to be a very strong side, and they were battling under most adverse circumstances against a side that certainly was a very strong one. Had one or two things happened they might very easily have won. As it is, they earned the greatest glory in defeat.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

VOLUME VII. of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (Cambridge University Press) has the subtitle, "Cavalier and Puritan." But this is a mere label which has no real meaning. There is no connection whatever between the influence of Petrarch and its decay or the influence of Ben Jonson and its decay and the battle between Royalists and Parliament men. Accidentally, Robert Herrick was a Royalist; but the best of his work, his poems on folk-lore and country life, his "Corinna going a-Maying" and his "Fair Daffodils, we weep to see," are in no way related to the politics of the hour. In our opinion it seems of most importance to expound the beauty of these. Professor Moorman earns our gratitude when he reprints Thomas Bateson's excellent song from the *First Set of English Madrigals* (1604), as hinting where the root-idea of Corinna may have been obtained:

Sister, awake! close not your eyes!  
The day her light discloses;  
And the bright morning doth arise  
Out of her bed of roses.

See, the clear sun, the world's bright eye,  
In at our window peeping;  
Lo! how she blusheth to espy  
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore, awake! make haste, I say,  
And let us without staying,  
All in our gowns of green so gay  
Into the park a-maying.

Suckling was of a much more pronounced type of Cavalier in a careless magnificence, a reckless spendthrift statesmanship, a natural gaiety and in his views of women; but he lives chiefly by means of his "Ballad of a Wedding." Its buoyancy has no connection with Cavalier or Puritan.

Mr. F. E. Hutchinson is disappointing in the group which he has brought together under the name of "The Sacred Poets." His biography of Herbert is full of unimportant, or, at least, unessential, detail, and is not to be placed beside Izaak Walton's less recondite study. Walton has a much less acquaintance with the facts, but a million times more sympathy. Mr. Hutchinson leaves behind him the impression that he has a very imperfect sympathy with his author, or with that part which makes his poetry great. He spends much time over the foibles and tricks which we all know and deplore; but he does not give full value to that poignant, melancholy note which he had in common with the prophet Job, the poet Homer, the Psalmist and the nameless ballad-writers. You hear it in his rose "angry and brave"; in his unrivalled Even-Song, "It doth suffice: Henceforth repose; your work is done," and most of all in the noble words which, as Walton records, he used on his death-bed, before going down to the dust as his father had done.

It is surely better to show the perfect lines as he does with Crashaw when he quotes:

Not in the evening's eyes  
When they red with weeping are  
For the Sun that dyes,  
Sitts sorrow with a face so fair;  
No where but here did ever meet  
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

This method is the more imperative, if the writers had only recognised it, in dealing with such themes as the "Lesser Caroline Poets." The only possible excuse for perpetuating these names must be that the owners have done something memorable. If they have not, it seems to be an idle thing to swell the stoutness of a book by inserting the insignificant chronicles of their lives. What a task the literary historian of 2011 would have if he attempted to write a critical appreciation of every verse-writer who succeeded in getting into print in 1911 or before, nay, who have done infinitely better work than the lesser of the Caroline period.

To Professor Saintsbury was assigned the very difficult task of dealing with John Milton. Nothing could be cited more certain to render the nomenclature absurd. Milton was on the Puritan side; but in many of the great essentials he was by temperament more in accord with the Cavalier. He had, in

the first place, an unrivalled sense for beauty and richness of form. We cannot imagine him forming one of a hillside conventicle or offering austere worship in the bare, barn-like meeting-houses of the Presbyterians. His church must be "richly dight" and seen "in a dim religious light." There is not much to add to Tennyson's phrase, "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies." Professor Saintsbury's mind is not a kindred one, is not so close to Milton as was that of his predecessor in the Edinburgh Chair, Professor Masson, "the dray-horse of literature." Professor Saintsbury's learning is unassailable. There can be few who have read so widely in the domain of literature. But the qualities possessed by Milton and by Sir Thomas Browne, who is also allotted to him, are exactly those in which he is most deficient. Professor Saintsbury has much to say, but he is utterly indifferent about the manner in which he says it. His sentences are lumbering and uncouth, he stretches away into ellipses and digressions, his words are never chosen with the artist's fastidious care, and they are often so rough and discordant as to bruise the ear. How is it possible that he could have any true appreciation of the rich, ornate, dreamy melancholy of Browne or the organ-music of Milton? His essays on them, as a matter of fact, are merely pedagogic, full of the dry hash of minute scholarship, destitute of poetry and sympathy.

However, the essay has a good deal of encyclopædic value. Professor Saintsbury sets straight the legend on which Carlyle founded much disquisition, viz., that *Paradise Lost* was sold for £5. After giving a concise version of the facts, he sums up as follows:

These things, in their various degrees, are certainties; and it is a further certainty that, after Milton's death his widow compounded for the third five pounds (already due) and the fourth which was accruing, for the present payment, in December 1680, of eight pounds. The popular version of the matter seldom gets the total—£18—right; but that is not the most important blunder or fallacy connected with it. It is as certain that the offer of £18,000 will not produce a *Paradise Lost*, as that the actual fee or guerdon of £18 did not prevent its production.

Those who planned this *History of English Literature* probably set out with a purpose other than that of winning the sympathies of the young student. As far as we can gather, the purpose has been to sift and bring together the biographical and bibliographical facts, to trace the origins, models and suggestions on which each separate work is built, and, so far as possible, to discourage exposition and the setting forth of opinion. Very well done indeed are the more strictly historical chapters in the present volume, those dealing with historical and political writing, Jacobean criticism, Scholars and Scholarship, English Grammar Schools, the beginnings of English journalism and the advent of modern thought in popular literature. Nor, as parts of a book of reference, can any praise be too great for the Bibliographies, Table of Principal Dates and Index of Names.

### THE MALE PARASITE.

*Oliver's Kind Women*, by Philip Gibbs. (Herbert and Daniel.)

THIS is avowedly the study of a "temperament." It has some resemblance to Barrie's study of a temperament in "Sentimental Tommy," but it neither goes so deep nor makes so complete and perfect an impression. Indeed, the "kind women" are almost more vividly realised than is Oliver. He is so changeable and so unreliable that he hardly makes even the impression of being changeable and unreliable; and his self-consciousness is such that one has the feeling at last that he has no self to be conscious of. But the women are definite, distinct, keenly realised. From his mother, who cannot control her love and wonder over this beautiful masculine creature she has brought into the world, to Alice, the pretty country girl, who "does" for him in his cottage at his lady-love's gates, every woman who comes across Oliver goes down before him. This charm is irresistible as long as things go well with him, and when they go ill the women save him. He takes money from women—and more than money. He finally marries money—and cannot run straight even during his engagement. The flippant, foolish female type, the noble, stern, self-sacrificing female type, alike yield to him. And therein lies the mistake of the book. This universal, without-exception chorus is scarcely just to the judgment of women. There are many to whom a man like Oliver would appear quite intolerable; and it would have given a foil to the others and a zest to the tale had there been even one woman depicted as being able to keep her head in the presence of Oliver. It is a very interesting and a very clever study, however. It suffers somewhat from the inevitable failing of a "one man study" in that the man is shown on the centre of the stage the whole time and the existence of every other character, major or minor, is only mentioned in its relation to him. This is not true to life,

of course. But the picture of this clever, charming parasitic creature, with the semblance and consciousness of every virtue and the knowledge of none, is striking; and his rise from Denmark Hill to Rutland Gate is interesting to watch. Remembering "Intellectual Mansions," one wonders a little whether the "woman's rights" bias of that clever story is not apparent in this tale also, for the women are all so clever and so sweet, and the men are mostly such poor creatures. But whether or no, the book is a good one, with evidence of thought, observation and definite opinion.

#### THE GENIUS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS.

**Members of the Family**, by Owen Wister. (Macmillan.)

THERE are two or three American writers who, from the welter of cleverness in which literary America wallows, stand out like peaks from a sea. Of these two or three, Owen Wister is one. He has that trait which is rarer than any other in an American writer, discrimination. If any trace of the self-consciousness which American nationality seems to enforce upon all her citizens emerges in him, it is as the self-consciousness which induces criticism and not assertion. The humour, modesty and humanity of the writer of "The Virginian" win their way straight to the heart; and not only is he never betrayed into sentiment, he is invariably such miles away from it that it seems as if he were himself totally unaware of the touch that has just reached his reader's inmost citadel of feeling. In these short stories he uses his gifts as unerringly as in his novels. If his canvas be necessarily smaller, the one or two figures upon it stand out the more arrestingly. Some of them we have met before; most, however, are new. There is not one story that is not as admirably told as conceived; but perhaps two of the best are those that tell of McDonough the horse-stealer and of the domestic problem of Jimsy the newly-married man. Mr. Wister's preface, charming though it is, shows that his writing is an art. Where he is not practising his art he is apt to be redundant; and redundancy in his stories he never approaches by so much as a word.

#### LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

**A History of Architecture in London**, by Walter H. Godfrey. (B. T. Batsford.)

THE lover of architecture may justly claim for his favourite art that it may be studied everywhere. Pictures and, to a less degree, works of sculpture are necessarily accessible only in collections in the larger towns, but there is scarcely a village which cannot show something to delight the student; if not, as usually, in the church, then almost certainly in some lowly cottage which reveals the traditional art of a bygone day. The student of pictures, however, has the advantage that, when he finds himself in a gallery, there is ready to his hand a catalogue which tells him of artists and dates, whereas it is rare that a building bears any inscription that reveals its history. For the Londoner, however, Mr. Walter Godfrey has written a book that deserves a hearty welcome.

A sketch is given of the development of architecture from the earliest times until the end of the eighteenth century, adequately illustrated by examples of every change of style which left its mark on church and house and public building in London. The absolute novice, therefore, with the book in his hand can get an excellent idea of the changes which came with succeeding phases of thought, and can make easy pilgrimages to see the many accessible examples. To aid him in these pious pleasures there have been provided seven maps of London and its near suburbs marked with numbers referring to lists of buildings which give brief particulars of date and, where known, of the architect's name. For this task Mr. Godfrey is particularly well equipped owing to his connection with the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London, and he earns our thanks for the wise choice of the examples he has illustrated. People are apt to think of the Great Fire of London as having destroyed all evidences of Gothic art, but even in the City itself the flames left some buildings of that time. In what were then the suburbs, such as Westminster, Southwark, Clerkenwell and Holborn, we still have monuments of earlier days which enable the art of the mediæval builder to be studied as well in London as anywhere. It is greatly to

be desired that the public shall realise the wealth of architecture that London affords, and there is small doubt that Mr. Godfrey's book will be successful in achieving this end.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Michel de Montaigne, by Edith Sichel. (Constable.)

The Job Secretary, by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans.)

The Glory of Clementina Wing, by W. J. Locke. (The Bodley Head.)

In Search of Egeria, by W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall.)

While Caroline was Growing, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. (Macmillan.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 11\*.]

## CHILDREN AT RANELAGH

CHILDREN'S Day at Ranelagh, when it is favoured by fine weather, as it was last week, gives us an amusing insight into the real tastes of our children. Most of the boys and girls assembled at Ranelagh are among the



#### THE COAL WAGGON.

fortunate ones who have their wishes and even their whims considered. It was amusing to see how, of the entertainments provided, the simplest, we might almost say the most primitive,



#### THE GOAT CHAISE.

attracted the greatest numbers. Children who had ponies at home were most enthusiastic in riding on donkeys imported from Brighton and Hampstead; while the goat-chaises, which, by the way, were brought up from Brighton for the day, have probably not been so popular even with Brighton trippers as they were among the small children at Ranelagh. Of the games provided, "Aunt Sally" was easily the most popular, and a good many of the children developed considerable knack in throwing, as was testified by the number of cocoanuts some of them were endeavouring to carry about. One little girl was with difficulty induced to leave the "Aunt Sally" even after she had been shown that the cocoanuts were all exhausted. After all, this is one of the prettiest and brightest of the shows which Sir George Hastings has provided for us in this the most successful Ranelagh season for many years. The sketches which illustrate Children's Day give not only the action of the children, but the very atmosphere of keen enjoyment and enthusiastic delight in the novelty of the day's proceedings, and will bring back to us many pleasant recollections of the unaffected enjoyment most of them displayed. They will also suggest to our minds when we want to please our young people that the



A CLOSE FINISH.

simplest is at once the easiest and the most effective. The more elaborate and out-of-the-way entertainments, such as the pretty daylight fireworks, so popular with the elders, by no means excited so much interest among the young people as the primitive amusements we have here noted.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### AN ADMIRABLE PENALTY AT LA BOULIE.

THERE was one thing, among many, which edified me greatly, of those that I saw at La Boulie when taking a small part in the French amateur championship and watching the open, and that was an *affiche* to the effect that it was forbidden to start at the seventeenth tee, with the penalty attached to it of—what do you suppose?—not the loss of a stroke or the hole or even disqualification for the match, but *sous peine de 20 francs d'amende*. You were fined twenty francs if you did such a thing. The means of enforcing payment of the fine were not set out at large, but, no doubt, they were adequate. Is it not admirable, and are there not many rules at golf that might be observed far more strictly if we could penalise similarly any breach of them?

### SITUATION OF LA BOULIE CLUB-HOUSE.

There is an indication in this very *affiche* of one of the many excellent features at La Boulie, for it obviously implies that the seventeenth tee is a tempting place for the start, and consequently is near the club-house. That is quite a true implication, and in point of fact you find yourself in course of the round returning again and again to this very attractive centre, and since the house, admirably planned and adapted to the golfer's needs, is on a high place, as well as thus in the centre of the course, it gives you the finest view of the play of the green that you get from any golf club that I know. Incidentally it gives you the chance, often very convenient, of starting by playing the last half first, to which departure no hideous penalty attaches. Certainly that open championship, in which Massy had his revenge on Vardon, was well worth watching, if only for the winner's play. His score, of an average of 71 for the four rounds, means wonderful golf, for La Boulie is not short. Perhaps the finest thing about it was that the last round was the lowest of all—the lowest done in the competition—69.

### THE SPECTATORS.

Naturally Massy's victory gave delight in his own country and on the course where he was long resident—he had that residence in his favour. The spectators hardly constituted a crowd, as we know it at our championships, but Massy took with him nearly all there were, so that it was a sight for tears or laughter, according to the point of view, to behold Braid and Taylor, who were drawn together, followed by an admiring gallery of one elderly man and a small child, and Vardon, our champion, with a bare half-dozen pursuing him. The French are profoundly impressed with the solemnity attaching to the game of golf, and piously observe the rules of silence and immobility as they look on. Can we say as much of every English, or even Scottish, spectator? Ray had a win at Le Touquet a day or two later, but he seems to have been splashing about there a little like a triton among the minnows. The names of Braid, Massy, Vardon and Taylor were not to be found in that field, but Duncan was there, second to Ray, and there were other good men.

### THE FRENCH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

As for the amateur championship of the French, played likewise at La Boulie, it was a red-hot affair altogether, decided just at the date of the great

heat wave in the United States, and in as good an imitation of that heat wave as can be expected in a burnt out old Continent like this. I have an idea that it was weather to suit the American invaders, Mr. Evans and Mr. Anderson, who were left to fight it out between them; but saying that, I am not for a moment hinting doubt of Mr. Evans being the best man in the tournament. Of men of the older nationalities there was only one, Mr. Lassen, who harassed him at all, but Mr. Lassen is capable of harassing anybody. I know how he harassed me. The rest Mr. Evans beat as he liked. We knew all about him, though he did fail of doing himself full justice in our own amateur championship; but of Mr. Anderson we had not heard so much, and his golf at La Boulie came as something of a surprise. It ought not to have done so. It is only a very careless student of the doings "on the other side" that could be in any ignorance of him.

### MR. EVANS' VISIT.

Mr. Evans, returning to the States, told me he had had a golden time over here, and he may be very sure, indeed, that the opinions he gained for himself here were quite pure gold too. Nobody could fail to be charmed by his personality, even while being beaten by his golf. His visit will do good. He is a Western golfer, according to United States geography, and it had always been the Western "crowd" that has shown an uneasy disposition at the constraint of St. Andrews legislation and a certain wish to make laws unto itself. Really it does not much matter under what laws or what legislative body the game is played, but it would matter a great deal, it would be a real pity, if it came to be played under different laws here and in America and in different sections of that great country. Mr. Evans may have done bigger and better work than he knew, coming over here and laughing and chaffing all the time and making friends all round. He may have helped the cause of the *entente cordiale* and fuller understanding.

H. G. H.

### AN EXAMPLE FOR GOLFING SOCIETIES.

I took part last week in a very agreeable little function of the London Press Golfing Society which, so it seemed to me, might be copied with advantage by others of those numerous societies which batten upon other people's courses. It was a match of an exceedingly friendly and informal kind, played under handicap between seniors and juniors, the latter being defined as having handicaps of over ten. So informal was the match that I am not sure who won, but I think it was the seniors; in fact, I fancy they won rather easily—another example of the injustice under which the receivers of odds labour in match play. The afternoon's play was obscured in a "rosy and golden haze"; we played foursomes, but I am sure I do not know who won them. A match of this kind seems to me so good because I believe it is the primary object of a society to promote golf and friendliness among the members of the society itself rather than to wage a fierce, external warfare against societies of other professions. The latter are good enough fun, too, in their way, but they are amusing only for the best players in the society, just the very people, as a rule, who have played so many team matches that they do not want to play any more. The junior, a far less *blasé* person, does not have a look in at all. I ought to add that our particular match





was played on the course of the North Surrey Club, a pretty and pleasant little course with some highly entertaining holes, yet not too strenuous for a society in its holiday mood.

B. D.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE v. YALE & HARVARD.

THERE should have been all the ingredients of a most thrilling excitement at the Queen's Club on Tuesday afternoon: a beautiful day, a string of really splendid achievements, an International contest in which the result hung in the balance up to the last moment.

Yet it must be confessed that the genuine thrill was for the most part absent. The crowd was not nearly so large as that to be seen at the Oxford and Cambridge Sports, nor was the enthusiasm so great. There certainly was a fine outburst of shouting and hat-waving when Baker of Cambridge by winning the Mile gave England the victory; but we seem to remember greater excitement on other occasions, such, for instance, as those great duels that used to take place in the Quarter between Jordan and Fitzherbert. There were a band or two of American spectators who indulged in their quaint college war-cries, which are really a little too complicated to be effective and hardly stir the blood so much as one simple yell of "Oxford" or "Cambridge." The vendors of the Stars and Stripes in miniature did not appear to find a very ready market, and there was, in short, something of lethargy about the proceedings. Nevertheless, it was an intensely interesting afternoon's sport and the performances reached a very high level.

The joy of seeing the Union Jack hoisted after the first event was perhaps a little diminished by the fact that Putnam, the victorious hammer thrower, was a Rhodes Scholar from Kansas, fighting against his fellow-countrymen. This most useful ally won with a great throw of over 150ft., and, as it proved, just turned the fortunes of the day against America. One of the two American hammer throwers was a gentleman of colour, whose dark skin was very picturesquely set off by the red of his Harvard jersey. After this initial triumph there came three reverses in succession for England. Chisholm of Yale won the Hurdles in the truly magnificent time of 15 2-5sec., taking his hurdles with a perfect and mechanical precision, born of long and arduous training, that made the Englishmen look rather commonplace and clumsy. The High Jump went the same way, Canfield of Yale, a long, thin, loosely-built man, winning with a fine jump of 6ft. 0 3/4 in. Next came the Half-Mile, an event that was supposed to be very open. The result was somewhat of a surprise, at least to those who had no great knowledge of the visitors' performances, since it was not Jacques, the Harvard first string, who won, but Preble, also of Harvard, who came away down the straight and, finishing very strongly, won with a comparative amount of comfort. His time of 1min. 56 1-5sec. was another very excellent performance.

By this time things were looking very serious indeed, and unless Macmillan could win the Hundred, England was almost infallibly doomed. A vast deal of time was devoted to somewhat solemn and protracted preliminaries before this race began; but at last came the crack of the pistol, and with it that continuous roar which is the thrilling accompaniment of this most thrilling race. But a few yards from the finish Reilly of Yale appeared to be leading, and Lange, another Rhodes Scholar, was second. Macmillan, a big, forceful runner, however, was coming up hand over hand. He seemed to gain wonderfully in those last few yards, and broke the tape well ahead of Reilly, amid the first real outburst of enthusiasm of the afternoon.

In the Long Jump the Englishmen were never in the hunt at all, and the chief interest of the performance hinged on some very mysterious proceedings of the two American jumpers, who took off their shoes a great many times and handed over to each other between the jumps a bandage presumably possessed of some magical qualities. At any rate, it enabled Holden of Yale to win with a most excellent jump, and the Americans were now, in golfing parlance, two up with three to play, the three races remaining being the Two Miles, the Quarter and the Mile. In the former little anxiety was felt. The Englishman has had much of the conceit knocked out of him in athletic sports, but he still has a rooted conviction that Americans are not good at longer distances, and once more it proved correct. Porter and Gowan Taylor, the two Oxford runners, made a grand match of it between them, Taylor winning a beautifully run race in very fine time. Now came the real crisis of the day, the Quarter. If America won it they won the match; if they lost it, they were to all intents and purposes lost also, since they had but small chance in the Mile. Stewart of Yale went off at a terrific pace and led round nearly two sides of the ground. Then the others began to close on him; but at the last corner it was not Macmillan who forged ahead, but Kelly of Harvard. For a moment there was dismay; then great

shouts went up for Black, and the Cambridge second string, running on the outside, was seen striding ahead. Once ahead his victory was never in doubt, and he finished gallantly in 49 4-5sec., Macmillan hard on his heels, Stewart third and Kelly last—a great race worthy of a great occasion. The Harvard man never looked really dangerous, and along the back stretch Baker sprinted gaily away from him and from his two Oxonians and so gave England the odd event.

Thus ended a noble day's sport, of which one of the pleasantest features were the most cordial and friendly greetings between the competitors before and after their struggles.

B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE STRANDED WHALES OF PENZANCE BAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested to know that from among the school of pilot whales (*Globicephalus melas*) stranded in Penzance Bay on July 1st a fine male measuring twenty feet in length has been secured for the British Museum of Natural History. A series of casts of the head and flippers have been made for the purpose of restoring the model exhibited in the Whale Gallery of the Museum. This model was made some years ago from photographs. As a result, on comparison with the newly-acquired specimen, it was found that the flippers were too short and of the wrong shape, while the head was also inaccurate. On dissecting the bulbous mass on the fore part of the head, from which the creature takes its scientific name—*Globicephalus*—it was found to be made up of dense fibrous tissue, between the meshes of which was stored a great quantity of limpid oil. The toughness of this mass was astonishing, almost defying the edge of the sharpest knives. What its purpose may be it is difficult to conjecture; but in all probability, since it is largest in the males, it serves the purpose of a battering-ram when fighting for the mastery of the herd, thus fulfilling the place of horns among ruminants. The paddles, five feet long, have been carefully dissected and prepared to show their peculiar structure. No specimen, either in the British or, it is believed, in any other Museum, has been prepared with sufficient accuracy to show the actual arrangement of the wrist bones or the peculiar relations of the joints of the fingers, which are excessively long. A careful examination of these unfortunate animals showed that the stomachs in all cases were empty, and that the females had in nearly every case been suckling young. Only in one case was a fetus found. Thus we have gained some useful information as to the approximate breeding-time. The stranding of this herd is a quite remarkable event, since no similar case seems ever to have occurred before on the English Coast. In the Shetlands large herds are annually driven ashore and killed, not so much for the sake of their oil as for food. From this custom of driving comes the Scotch name, ca'ing whale—the whale that is driven.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

### A FLAGRANT CASE OF RIVER POLLUTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following account of the wholesale poisoning of game-fish by trade effluents, which took place in this district quite recently, may enlist the sympathy of your angling readers on behalf of the movement for the restraint of river pollution, of which the Royal Commission on this question, now sitting, is a hopeful outcome. The annual destruction of brown trout, sea-trout and salmon caused by the polluted waters of the Lancashire Calder is an abiding grievance to all anglers on its sister streams, the rivers Ribble and Hodder. The chemical and other refuse which finds its way into the Calder from the large towns on its banks is conveyed into the Ribble at its junction with the Calder at Hacking Ferry, some sixteen miles from the sea. From this point to the mouth of the Ribble at Preston, once the finest sporting reach on the whole river, anglers have long since ceased to attempt the capture of fish, whose flesh is rendered uneatable by the taint of the Calder. The wonder is that any trout survive in these waters, the smell of which is at times perceptible to a distance of some hundreds of yards from the river bank. It is only when the main stream of the Ribble is swollen by rains, and the waters of its poisonous tributary, the Calder, diluted by simultaneous floods on the Hodder and Upper Ribble, that sea-trout and salmon can with safety attempt an ascent. At times, however, the sea-fish, waiting for a spate at the mouth of the Ribble, attempt to pass through the danger zone in low water. If the Calder mud has not been lately disturbed, and none of the chemical settling-tanks along its banks recently flushed into the river, then a certain proportion of the ascending shoals may succeed in reaching the clean rivers above. The danger to these lies in a sudden rise of the Calder, unaccompanied by simultaneous spates on the Upper Ribble and the Hodder. It was precisely such a disaster which occurred on June 17th last. On that day a local thunder-storm in the Calder Valley brought that river down in flood, while the Ribble and Hodder retained their normal volume. The concentrated filth, which had accumulated in the bed of the Calder during the previous weeks of rainless weather, augmented probably by the refuse from numerous settling-tanks which, it is commonly said, are discharged into the river on such occasions, swept into the Ribble at its junction with the Calder in a death-dealing torrent of blue-black poisonous mud. The result was the most wholesale destruction of fish which has taken place on the Ribble during the last twenty years. The results observed go far to justify the surmise that every fish on the sixteen miles between Hacking Ferry and the sea was wiped out of existence. The eels alone, if we are to credit the accounts of several river-side observers, escaped by swimming ashore and wriggling up into the wet grass, returning to the river when the foul mud had been washed away. In the words of local eye-witnesses of this curious sight, in some places along the river banks "T' grass wor wick wi snigs." At Hacking Ferry, when the flood was falling, the ferryman and two anglers counted upwards of one hundred dead and dying trout along as many yards of river-side. Some of these were fine fish up to one and a-half pounds in weight. Among the smaller fry the destruction was no less complete. Thousands of minnows and roach lined the banks, mingled with gudgeon and flat fish. The number of brown trout killed was a source of astonishment to the local men, who had no idea till then that the polluted portion of the Ribble below the Calder held so many. At Dinckley Ferry, some two miles below Hacking, the ferryman reported still heavier slaughter. In one space of ten yards, he informed me, he could count five score of dead sea-trout and brown trout. To the various pool-sides and back-waters, where the dead

fish had been washed up, the neighbouring cottagers came and collected them in sacks to feed their fowls, disturbing as they appeared on the scene the gulls and herons which had flocked hither for the feast. For the Ribble and Hodder anglers, the most exasperating point about the disaster was the fact that the very first run of sea-trout and salmon of this season were caught on their way up and totally destroyed. In addition to the destruction of sea-trout, fresh-run salmon up to thirty pounds in weight were picked up dead along the river-side. The virulent character of the poisonous mud may be gathered from the failure of attempts made to revive some of the fish affected by it. The ferryman at Hacking and his son, when the flood was at its height, collected some of the larger trout, while still alive, or, as he put it, "still friggling" (*i.e.*, wriggling), and immersed them in several changes of fresh rain-water, without succeeding in reviving them. Visiting this part of the river-side two days after the flood, when another small spate had washed away most of the dead fish, the present writer was able to count about thirty dead trout on a length of one hundred and fifty yards of river bank. If the Royal Commission on the Pollution of Rivers is desirous of obtaining evidence of a really flagrant case of river poisoning, involving the wholesale

slaughter of thousands of game-fish, we would refer them to the numerous witnesses of the results of the Calder flood of June 17th, 1911.—FRANCIS IRWIN.



WHEN THREE IS COMPANY.

guillemots, etc., and they sit together in groups on the rocky headlands. One of their chief peculiarities is to have their beaks partly open. They are able to use their wings under water, and can fly for quite a long distance before appearing on the surface again. They are very clumsy birds, and when landing on the rocks they stick their legs out and come down with a regular flop. They make no pretensions to a nest, laying their eggs (which are very big for the size of the bird—one for each hen) on the bare rock, generally in a crevice, and as one climbs about, the bird when sitting on her egg can be heard making a low croaking noise. When the young ones are old enough they are taken down to the sea on their parents' backs. The white line on the beak is not developed till the birds are a year old.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

#### THE NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—So many flower-lovers seem unaware of the charms, or the existence even, of the above-named annual, whose beauty and fragrance are now at their height. During the day it is a disappointment, but about eight in the evening it comes to its kingdom. Its masses of starry flowers, varying in colour from creamy white to a rich shade of purple, open and give forth an exquisite odour, reminding one of vanilla. In my experience it succeeds equally well in good or bad soil. Sow it under your windows and balconies, and your summer nights will have added yet another to their many delights. It would be interesting to know why all this feast of light and smell

is reserved for the night hours. Is it spread for the wandering night moths? Perhaps someone learned in their ways can tell me more about this.—E. B.

A WARWICK LABOURER.  
[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—I thought perhaps you would like to publish the enclosed as rather a good type of the Warwickshire agricultural labourer.—ERNEST PARKE.

"AN UNUSUAL SHIRLEY POPPY."

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—I have noticed the Maltese Cross (white) in several blooms, and have remarked the fact that it is not apparently confined to those of any one colour.—W. E. BARTLETT.



A WARWICKSHIRE TYPE.

#### THE POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE NESTING OF THE SHORT-EARED OWL IN SUSSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—I am quite at one with Mr. Bryden, who, a short time ago, when writing in "Wild Country Life," hinted at the possibility of a pair of short-eared owls occasionally stopping to nest in Sussex after their winter sojourn on Pevensy Marsh. Indeed, there is some evidence to show that now and then a pair have done so in other parts of the county. And although the true breeding haunts of this diurnal owl are in the broads and fens of East Anglia, and (chiefly) up North, particularly in the Orkneys, the fact would in no wise be surprising. And this because in quite recent years it has nested in Essex ("Zoologist," 1896, page 233), in Kent, and in Hants ("Birds of Hampshire," page 130). In 1908 Mr. T. V. Fox assured me that it had again bred in the first-named of those counties. Now, 1908, or, rather, the autumn and winter of 1907-8, was a great season for short-eared owls all over Britain, and—as detailed by Mr. J. Whitaker in his book, "Nimrod, Ramrod, Fishing Rod, etc."—two pairs at least stayed on to nest in Notts the ensuing spring. It was also in that spring that Major Buckwell tells me of a "nest" in Sussex. The facts of the case are as follows: On April 24th an owl was flushed from one egg laid in a scrape at the roots of dead bracken and rough grass at Ewhurst by a "hind," as the Sussex labourer is frequently called. Major Buckwell, unfortunately, did not see the bird himself, and when he visited the spot a week later the whole "nest" with its surroundings had been levelled by a man cutting litter. But Major Buckwell became possessed of the egg, which, from its size and slightly creamy tinge, combined with the fact that the site of the "nest" was correct and the date about right, I have no hesitation in passing as that of a short-eared owl. Moreover, in the course of conversation with Mr. George, the taxidermist at Chichester, I was informed that his father well knew that this owl sometimes bred on the high, grassy banks enclosing the "rifes" between Selsey and Earmley. Furthermore, in June, 1909, a very intelligent fisherman at the former spot told me, without any prompting, that the "Norwegian owl," as he called it, occasionally bred in that very district. And I quite think that it does—sometimes. I must, however, add that in the many likely spots in Sussex I have frequented at intervals during the past seven summers, I have never met with this species once, though I have never missed a winter without seeing one or more. Up North I know the species well, and have found the "nest" on more than one occasion.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

#### FORCEFUL FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—I am sending you a Kodak picture which I think readers of COUNTRY LIFE might like to see. It is a photograph of Lady Alexandra Agar, a daughter of the Countess of Normanton feeding a little pig.—J. SHUTTLEWORTH.



"THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME."